

R. Noble. & T. A

PARAPHRASE,

OR

LARGE EXPLICATORY POEM,

UPON THE

SONG OF SOLOMON.

WHEREIN

The mutual love of CHRIST and his Church, contained in that Old Testament Song, is imitated in the Language of the New Testament, and adapted to the Gospel Dispensation.

BY THE LATE REVEREND

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P R E F A C E

TO THE

CURIOUS AND SERIOUS READERS.

CURIOUS READER,

I Do not propose by the following lines to satisfy your curiosity, any further than by a plain explication of this scriptural Song, in a way adapted to the New Testament dispensation: and perhaps you will be at no loss, if you find the equity of the paraphrase, even where you lose the elegance of the poem; or if you find any precious truth to edify your soul, though you should miss a pompous embellishment to gratify your fancy. If I had been of the opinion that no poem should see the light, but such as has the name of some great and famous poet prefixed to it, and could reasonably expect the universal applause of a learned age, I would never have consented to the publication of this, in a day wherein the art of poesy is improved to such great perfection by some, whose bright genius has made them capable to set forth their poetical productions in a very beautiful and splendid dress. If I thought that nothing now

cast into the mould of metre could be useful and edifying, but what is superlatively fine, I would have been quite discouraged from this attempt : but to be of this mind, were in effect to think there could be no wholesome food but what is presented in a lordly dish ; no good lodging in any house, but such as were built by some curious mechanic, or famous architect ; nor convenient accommodation in any room or chamber, but such as were finely painted, & hung around with very neat arras. How few would there be to fight for their country, if none were allowed to do so, but mighty heroes, great champions, and such as are head and shoulders higher than others ? How many must go naked, if no clothing were allowed but silk and satin, and rich embroideries ? It will be hard to persuade the world, that none should write or make use of a pen, but such as could imitate the finest copperplate ; or that none should open their mouth to speak above their breath, but such as can equal the finest orator.

But though in this essay I pretend not to act the part of the lofty poet, yet I have endeavoured that what I hope is obvious to the vulgar, and not above their view, may be at the same time not nauseous to the polite, nor below their view, if they are such as can lay aside the sullen air of criticism. Those, to whom no plain serious gospel-truths can give any satisfaction, and to whom nothing else but

flowers of wit, and flights of rhetoric can give delight, do perhaps too much bewray their ignorance of pious pleasures. The soul may be miserably hungered and starved, where the fancy only is pleased and feasted. And hence I look upon it as a most candid and ingenious acknowledgment of a famous and religious poet (Dr. Isaac Watts), in the preface to his excellent Hymns and Spiritual Songs, speaking of some of them; "I confess myself," says he, "to have been too oft tempted away
" from the more spiritual designs I proposed,
" by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too oft
" prevailed above the fire of divine affection,
" and the light exceeded the heat." Now, though I own that the defect of my poetical talent might lead me to an acknowledgment of a quite other nature, being sensible how much every paragraph here despairs of giving much delight to those of a more refined taste, and of pleasing the fancy with many bright embellishments of poetry; yet the great scarcity of these may have this great advantage, that here there are few such beautiful flowers or bright images to tempt any man away from the spiritual design, or so to gratify the fancy, and to prevail above the fire of divine affection, that should burn in the heart with a heat equal to the light. No that I am disobliged with these gay and flowery expressions in this and other valuable

authors, whereby they are so apt to be a temptation to themselves and their readers, even in their spiritual songs ; for I must confess they have been oft so tempting and alluring to myself, that as I have frequently both here and elsewhere essayed to imitate them, by adopting some of their delicious metaphors ; so I would have certainly run into the same fault, if I had been endued with the same genius : only I may infer from the foresaid confession, that poems upon divine subjects, which afford not a train of those gay temptations that bewitch the fancy and divert the imagination, may, upon this account, be at least not the less fitted for advancing spiritual designs and divine affections.

I am not here to make any apology for the metre, though some may judge that in this essay, I have studied rhyme as much as poesy. I know that there may be good music and measure without the gingle of a crambo : and that it is a great weakness to humour the sound, so as to darken the sense. I own, my difficulty never lay much in studying the crambo, with the even cadency ; for these, if they be any parts or properties of poesy, occurred natively enough, without much thought : and perhaps it would have been a fault to have slighted the rhyme designedly in a composition of this sort, fitted for the religious recreation of serious Christians : especially when I find the forementioned eminent

poet (by whose remarks, of which I had a little specimen, perhaps the following sheets had been better polished for the public, had his circumstances allowed a more close and full review thereof) in his Hymns, page 194. by a marginal note I find him, I say, "hoping the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme even in the first and third lines of the stanza throughout some following pages;" which supposes it may be a fault, in his opinion, not to humour the metre in essays of this nature. But if any think I have done it too much, all I can accuse myself of, is only that I did not neglect the rhyme when words favouring it appeared to me as apposite to the purpose as others, and the low genius afforded no better.

I am sorry for your sake, curious reader, that precious truth is here set before you in such a coarse garb; but if you attend to the matter, it will, as I said, be no loss to you, that you have not here many artful embroideries. I do not indeed think that sacred truth can be set off in too comely a dress, no more than I think that the Holy Bible can be printed with too good a type, or too fine a paper; but if every page and passage thereof were illuminated or adorned with fine cuts, I suppose this would do more harm than good, and be more diverting than edifying.

I should be glad to see this sacred book painted forth in more lively, pure, and spi-

ritual colours, than it can appear into, in this homely essay; however if the picture here be but just, you will perhaps be much obliged to a genius that could not set it within a curiously gilded frame to divert your eye from it.

But when you hear of the spirituality and religious design of this poem, and that (as I may show in the other part of the preface), the subject thereof, is not the *fair Circassian*, but the *fair Christian*, and his infinitely fairer head and husband Jesus Christ: though the theme be more noble in itself, and more needful to be read and considered, than all the wanton sonnets in the world, however artfully trimmed; yet I am afraid this subject be thought so jejune, insipid, and unfashionable, that it is possible, after you have satisfied your curiosity, so far as to glance over a few lines of this book, you may throw it aside like an old almanack, and soon give your judgment *pro* or *con*; and this is all the poor profit and advantage you shall get by it, if you remain always more curious than serious. And, since I have done with you, I shall apply myself to those, to whom this little essay will readily be more welcome and acceptable.

SERIOUS READER,

THOUGH it is especially for your spiritual edification and comfort, I have essayed in this manner to explain and open up the gospel that is contained in this sacred song ; yet I design not to say one word to you in commendation of this poem upon it, nor does it deserve I should, if it cannot, through the blessing of God, commend itself to your heart and experience. But if you are exercised unto godliness, and acquainted with the sweet life of fellowship and communion with our Lord Jesus Christ, I hope you shall here see a picture and representation both of his heart towards you, and of your heart towards him ; and a portraiture of the sweetest experience of intimacy with heaven, that the bride of Christ can have upon earth. And I judge that a song upon this subject is not unseasonable amidst these evil days, wherein the songs of the temple are like to be turned into howlings, and wherein the bride, the Lamb's wife, is ready to hang her harp upon the willows. How desirable were it, if this little book might prove a mean for helping her to sing away her sorrows, and to harmonize with the design of that precious promise, Hos. ii. 15. " I will give her the valley of Achor " for a door of hope, and she shall sing there." To drive away the night of trouble, with songs of praise, would be a work and exer-

cise most suitable to that gracious name our Lord takes to himself, Job xxxv. 10. "God
"our Maker, who giveth songs in the night."

We have a divine precept, perhaps too much forgotten and neglected even among the serious, Eph. v. 18, 19.—"Be filled
"with the spirit, speaking to yourselves in
"psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs,
"singing and making melody in your heart
"to the Lord;" and, Col. iii. 16. "Let the
"word of Christ dwell in you richly in all
"wisdom: teaching and admonishing one
"another in psalms, and hymns, and spiri-
"tual songs, singing with grace in your
"hearts to the Lord." And how we are
to sing we are further taught, not only by the Apostle's example, 1 Cor. xiv. 15. "I
"will sing with the spirit; and I will sing
"with the understanding also;" but likewise by an express divine appointment, Psal. xlvii. 6, 7. where the command to sing is repeated five times in a breath, "Sing praises to God,
"sing praises: sing praises unto our king, sing
"praises. Sing ye praises with understand-
"ing." Now, this sacred song of Solomon being very mysterious and metaphorical, that you may be the more able to sing it over with understanding and judgment, I have endeavoured to lay open the mysteries and metaphors thereof to your view.

I have designedly cast this book into the mould of common metre: because, as it was in-

tended especially for the use of serious Christians in this part of the island; so in case any of them should see fit to make some of these lines a part of their spiritual and devout recreation in secret, they might, if they please, sing them over in any of the tunes to which they are accustomed in our Scots churches, where none but the common tunes are used. And in the whole I am so far from attempting to soar aloft above your capacity, that wherever I have been obliged to use any words (such as *prolific*, *mellifluous*, &c.) which I reckon are not so obvious to the understanding of the vulgar, I have explained them at the foot of the page, and hope it is but very seldom any such words occur to cloud and darken the sense to you.

I know that this sacred book of scripture wherein the sweetest and noblest instances of the grace of Christ toward his church and people are represented under the figure of a conjugal state, has been greatly profaned by impure writers, who have used or rather abused their poetical art to the gratifying of carnal minds; and prostituting this holy divine song to the most unholy ends. I have therefore endeavoured in this paraphrase so to open the import of every metaphor, as to secure it from being perverted and abused to wanton passions, which, I hope, shall find no handle here by any mode of expression tending to divert the mind from the spirituality

of the theme. The compofure upon every text here is fuch, as I think, without great violence done to it, can never be applied to any lovers inferior to that glorious bridegroom the Lamb of God, and the bride the Lamb's wife, as the church is designed Rev. xxi. 9.

I thought it needleft here in a prefatory way, to offer you a key for opening this fong, fince this has been done fo oft and fo well already by others, and particularly Durham's book upon it, which is fo common among many hands; I refer the reader to his *Clavis Cantici*, prefixed to that book. Mr. Henry fays, The beft key for opening this book is the xlvth pfalm, which we find applied to Chrift in the New Testament. And it feems the more fit this book be now opened in a way fuited to that difpenfation, fince Chrift is more frequently and clearly represented in the New Testament, than in the Old, as the Bridegroom of his church and people; for which I might multiply inftances, were it needful.

The objections of adverfaries againft the divinity of this book are but weak and trifling, while we are confirmed in the faith of its divine extraction, and fpiritual application to the marriage between Chrift and his church, by the ancient, constant, and concurring testimony both of the Jewish and Chriftian church. And hence, though to

carnal minds, it is a flower out of which they have extracted poison; yet, to those that are spiritual, it is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb; insomuch that some have made it the mark and characteristic of a saint, to find and experience the spiritual relish and quickening savour of this part of scripture.

Profane wits, who ridicule this lofty anthem as a carnal epithalamium or marriage song, seem to be at a nonplus, whether to apply it to Solomon's marriage with the Egyptian princess, or a Circassian dame; but they must be yet at a greater loss what to make of some compliments and commendations given to Solomon's bride, if they were to be properly, and not figuratively, understood. For how monstrous and ridiculous were it to describe her as having "an head like Carmel, teeth like a flock of sheep, a nose like the tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus, and terrible like an army with banners!" &c. And if Solomon's chariot were to be understood properly and materially, of what matter would they suppose it to be made, when the midst of it is said to be *paved with love*? Or, if love be no material thing, how shall it be a material chariot? But this sacred song is not the worse, because profane and wanton wits abuse it, and endeavour to fasten their absurd and obscene senses upon some passages of it. It requires indeed, as some interpreters acknow-

ledge, a sober and pious, not a foolish and lascivious reader. It breathes forth the hottest flames of love between Christ and his people, and has in all ages of the church been most sweet, comfortable, and useful to all that have read it with serious and spiritual eyes. One of the fathers (Athanasius) comparing this song with other scriptures of the Old Testament, says, it is like John the Baptist among the prophets: other scriptures speak of Christ as coming, and afar off; this speaks of him, and to him, as already come, and near-hand; so familiar and present is he here represented both to the faith and sense of his people. Zanchius makes this song a compend and copy of the spiritual marriage with Christ. And another great divine (Bodius in Eph.) calls it *ipsius fidei et religionis Christianae medulla*, the very marrow and substance of faith and Christianity itself. And therefore I hope it will not be reckoned an unprofitable work or service to open up in a homely poesy, sunk to the level of vulgar capacities, the great gospel-mysteries contained in this allegorical scripture, and in a strain suited to the New Testament dispensation.

This essay, serious reader, being the fruit of some study and application only at leisure hours, is on this account the work of several years: and though occasions had allowed, yet the nature of the study, however pleasant in itself, was more severe both to body and

mind, than to have allowed a continued progress in it without many intermissions till it was finished. Some parts of this compofure being therefore at some years distance from other parts of it, it is poffible fome discerning and judicious readers will obferve that fome of the texts and chapters are explained with more life and accuracy than others; which may be eafily accounted for, by every one who knows that the vein of pofy and frame of fpirit is fubject to various alterations, higher or lower, at different times. The greateft defect I have here found myfelf to labour under, was with reference efpecially to that fpirituality of frame, heavenlinefs of mind, and clofe communion with Chrift, that an effay to open this facred divine fong required; fince in it the believer's moft intimate fellowfhip with this glorious Bridegroom is represented under fo many figurative expreffions. However, it has been my earneft defire fometimes, that my labour in this may not be in vain in the Lord, but that it might contribute, through the divine bleffing, to the inftruction, edification, and comfort of the Lord's people, efpecially fuch as have little accefs to read large comments upon this facred fong; and particularly thofe of the congregation which I have fo long had a fpecial concern in, and relation to, and to whom I have but very feldom

preached upon texts in this book of the Song of Solomon.

It must be owned, there are great depths in this allegorical scripture, the letter whereof kills those that rest in that, and look no further: but the spirit thereof giveth life, 2 Cor. iii. 6. John vi. 63.; and that it requires great pains and caution to point out the meaning of the Holy Ghost, in every part of this poetical book, and in applying the figures and similes therein to the several graces and virtues of the Bridegroom and Bride; and therefore I have not admitted of any private thought or imagination of mine own in the interpretation of this notable part of holy scripture, without observing my view thereof to be agreeable with the judgment of sound commentators upon it. Though they could afford me little help, as to the form, yet from them I willingly collected materials. Nor did I venture to make a paraphrase upon any one verse here, till I had consulted them, and was satisfied that I should not deviate from the current of orthodox writers, their judgment upon it, of which you have here a sum. Though yet the paraphrase is the longer, that I have not only enlarged upon those places that I reckoned were most emphatical, but also touched at the connection of one verse and purpose with another, where I thought it was neces-

sary for the illustration of the scope. Nor have I passed over any one verse, however more curtly treated than others, without giving some plain view of the meaning and import of it. And if more seem to be said upon any verse in this song than is directly imported in it, I hope it will be reckoned no great fault, if what is said be evidently deducible from it, or necessary for the further explication of it, and for adapting this paraphrase upon an Old Testament song to a New Testament dispensation. Besides, the sense being cramped and contracted within the narrow bounds of common metre, has sometimes made the repetition (though not of words, yet), of matter unavoidable; and though every explication is but an amplified circumlocution, yet I have used as few repetitions as could consist with my design of conveying a clear idea of the meaning.

I thought fit to set down the scripture text at large before the paraphrase, partly that every one even of those who would hardly be at the pains to consult their Bibles, might have an opportunity to compare the text and the paraphrase together: and partly that there might be occasion to mark upon the margin some of the different readings that the original text admits of, which I endeavour also not to neglect in the paraphrase.

A
P A R A P H R A S E, &c.

CHAP. I.

THE Church's Love unto Christ—She confesseth her Deformity, and prayeth to be directed to his Flock—Christ directeth her to the Shepherds Tents; and sheweth his love to her, giving her gracious promises—The Church and Christ congratulate one another.

THE TITLE.

Verse 1. *The song of songs, which is Solomon's.*

THE choice of anthems * exquisite,
From Solomon's sacred pen,
Which doth to heavenly love excite
The souls of holy men.

Its characters divine evince,
And evidently clear,
A wiser king, a greater prince,
Than Solomon is here.

Who from above did animate
And with celestial flame
Inspire the song to equal that
Of Moses and the Lamb.

This to the Lamb's fair bride belongs,
To sound on all her strings
With tuneful harp the song of songs
To Christ the King of kings.

* Songs.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 2. *Let him kiss me with the kisses of his
mouth: for thy love * is better than wine.*

Let him who in my room and place
Did act the kindest part,
The God of love, the Prince of peace,
The victor of my heart.

With sweet endearments from above
Let him my soul embrace;
To show my int'rest in his love,
And manifest his grace.

With blessings of thy mouth divine
O may I favour'd be!
More precious is thy love than wine,
More sweet than life to me.

I was among the trait'rous crew
Doom'd to eternal fire,
When he, to pay the ransom, flew,
On wings of strong desire.

Jesus the God-with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross and dies,
Then mounts the throne with mighty charms
T'embrace me from the skies.

His mouth delicious, Heav'n reveals:
His kisses from above.

* *Hebreu*, thy loves.

Are pardons, promises and seals
Of everlasting love.

Verse 3. *Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.*

The oil of gladness and of grace,
On thee pour'd largely forth,
Does spread around in ev'ry place
Thy savour and thy worth.

Like precious oil diffus'd, thy name
Along such odour sends,
That hence from virgin souls a flame
Of holy love ascends.

Thy love to them, thus shed abroad
So much inflames their heart
With love to thee, that thou their God
Their darling also art.

O fav'ry names ! the *Prophet* kind,
Anointed to instruct,
Who by his counsel leads the blind,
To glory will conduct.

Th' anointed *Priest*, by solemn vow,
Did once for sin atone :
The blood, that was the price, is now
The plea before the throne.

Th' anointed *King*, to bear the sway,
And dash the rebel foes,

To make the feeble win the day,
Tho' death and hell oppose.

Ev'n virgin tongue with pleasure sings

Thy lasting honours, thus :

" Jesus our Prophet ever brings

" The light of life to us.

" Jesus our Priest for ever lives

" To plead for us above.

" Jesus our King for ever gives

" The blessings of his love."

Verse 4. *Draw me, we will run after thee.*—

No strength to come to thee have I,

Yea, Lord, no will to move ;

Till pow'r divine my bonds untie,

And draw with cords of love.

O draw me, Jesus, by thy grace,

Allure me by thy charms,

Then we will run to thine embrace,

And flee into thine arms.

My zeal will other souls excite

When I am drawn to thee ;

With virgin saints will sinners meet,

And run along with me.

—*The king hath brought me into his chambers :
we will be glad and rejoice in thee.*—

The glorious King whom I besought,

Anon my cry did hear :

Me to his presence chamber brought
And kindly drew me near.

Then ev'ry thing that did annoy,
While I his absence mourn'd,
So quickly vanish'd into joy,
My grief to gladness turn'd.

We'll now exult in thee, O king,
With holy cheerfulness ;
Our hearts will joy, our lips will sing,
Our lives will praise express.

—*We will remember thy love more than wine ;
the upright love thee.*

Our grateful mem'ries will record
This matchless love of thine ;
And keep the relish thereof, Lord,
Beyond the richest wine.

Tho' fools abound, who nor desire
Nor pleasure fix on thee ;
Yet Wisdom's children all conspire
To love and joy with me.

Th' upright without deceit, that prove
Like gold without alloy.
Make thee the object of their love,
And centre of their joy.

Verse 5. *I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.*

Ye that professors are at large,
 Or that are weak in grace,
 Take no offence at me I charge,
 Nor at my swarthy face.

Shun not to come and share with me
 Both in my love and joy.
 Because my visage black, ye see
 With sin and sore annoy.

Tho' in myself I'm black indeed,
 And in my outward lot;
 Yet in my lovely, glorious Head
 I'm fair without a spot.

Dusky like Keder tents am I,
 O ye of Salem's race,
 But yet with Sol'mon's curtains vie,
 For comeliness by grace.

*Verse 6. Look not upon me because I am black,
 because the sun hath looked upon me: my
 mother's children were angry with me,—*

Then gaze not with disdainful eyes
 On me in sable clad:
 Nor slight my beauty fair, that lies
 Within the gloomy shade.

No wonder I so black became,
 If ye the cause will note:
 For sore sun-burnt and scorch'd I am
 With persecution hot.

False brethren, that malignant race,
 My mother's son's untrue,

In rage cast dust upon my face,
And sully'd all my hue.

They pour'd on me what open shame
Their malice could conceive ;
With foul reproaches stain'd my name,
And us'd me like a slave.

—*They made me keeper of the vineyards, but
mine own vineyard have I not kept.*

They of their vineyards me the drudge
Oppress'd with crushing care :
Such servile labours ye may judge,
My beauty much impair.

Yea, while, alas ! thus toil'd, I slept,
And sloth my watch remov'd,
I've not my proper vineyard-kept,
My talents not improv'd.

But tho' my folly hath me marr'd,
And wrought my own distress ;
Yet be not at religion scar'd,
Nor stumbled at my bliss.

For 'gainst myself I bear record,
That hence my slavery flows :
While I neglect to serve my Lord,
I'm left to serve my foes.

Verse 7. *Tell me, O thou whom my soul lov-
eth, where thou feedest*, and where thou
makest thy flocks to rest at noon :—*

* The word is here active.

When sins and suff'rings work my grief,
And both depress me so,
My Lord alone can give relief ;
To him I therefore go.

O thou the darling of my heart,
My soul's beloved one,
Who Isra'l's kindly shepherd art
Thy paths to me make known.

O show me where thy flocks are fed,
Where dost thou cause them eat,
And where thou giv'st 'em rest and shade
At noon from scorching heat.

The pasture's fat, the shelter vast,
That does thy sheep enclose ;
Fain would I feed in their repast,
And rest in their repose.

— *For why should I be as one that turneth
aside by the flocks of thy companions ?*

For why should I, that am thy bride,
Be left to starve and stray,
Or seem as one that turns aside
To any crooked way ?

All other loves my soul abhors,
Thy rivals I disdain ;
With flocks of thy competitors
Why should I wander then ?

I all thy feign'd companions hate
They are a bane to me ;

My soul affects no other mate,
No other Lord, but thee.

O if I knew thy fix'd abode,
I'd lodge for ever there;
Where I may then enjoy my God?
O tell me, tell me where!

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 8. *If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherd's tents.*

O thou my bride, whom I esteem
The fairest of thy race,
However black thy form may seem,
While griefs do veil thy grace;

Dost thou not know my lovely bride
The shadow of the rock,
Nor pastures green where I abide,
And feed my little flock?

Come follow my directing grace
Which I afford to thee;
I'll lead thee to the sweetest place
Of fellowship with me.

That hence thy feet may never swerve,
Nor fall in snares and wrack.
The footsteps of the flock observe,
And follow thou the track.

See how they climb the rock in droves,
To social worship prone.

And forthwith haunt retiring groves,
To meet with me alone.

Keep thou the beaten good old path,
Yet new and living way,
Which all the saints have trod by faith,
And prayer, night and day.

Tho' none of their dislike'd escapes
Must be a rule to thee,
Yet follow them in all the steps
Wherein they follow me.

And while my under-shepherd's tents,
Are kept in good repair,
Attend them still; For Heav'n presents
My choicest dainties there.

These holy ordinances are
The pastures of my grace:
There feast thyself; nor thence debar
Thy little tender race.

Bring children, servants, all thy kids
Along to feed with thee;
Thy Lord all comers welcome bids
In offers full and free.

Make all within thy charge to haunt
These goodly tents of mine;
For there my feasts of love I grant,
To nourish thee and thine.

Thus, that thy feet no more appear,
With other flocks to roam :
In these my best enclosures here,
Stay till I bring thee home.

Verse 9. *I have compared thee *, O my love,
to a company of horses in Pharaoh's cha-
riots.*

My love on whom the stream unspent
Of my affection flows ;
Mine ears have heard thy heavy 'plaint
About thy haughty foes :

But they shall know to their remorse,
Their war had better be
To fight with Pharaoh's chariot-horse,
Than dare to fight with thee.

To that well harness'd stately rout
I have thy strength compar'd ;
Because my armour round about
Is thy defensive guard.

Thou may'st contemn the burnish'd spear,
When brandish'd in the field ;
As warlike horses laugh at fear,
And mock the glitt'ring shield.

This wing'd array more swiftly damps
The foes that thee defy,
Than conqu'ring chariots thro' the camps
On thund'ring wheels that fly.

* *Or made thee like to.*

Weak in thyself thou art, but well
 In me resides thy might ;
 Therefore, the pow'rs of earth and hell
 Need never thee affright.

*Verse 10. Thy cheeks are comely with rows
 of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.*

My love, I heard thee also moan
 Thy beauty marr'd and spilt ;
 And style thyself a loathsome one,
 Deform'd with sin and guilt.

But as my blood does counterpoise,
 And all thy guilt displace ;
 So jewel-graces, golden-joys
 Do beautify thy face.

Each virtue that thy dress bespeaks
 Doth thee more richly deck,
 Than rows of gems adorn the cheeks,
 Or chains of gold the neck.

An order just thy graces do
 Like ev'nly rows maintain ;
 By mutual close connection too,
 They're link'd as in a chain.

Thou hast thy royal Lord to thank,
 That thee a moor betroth'd ;
 And then conform to highest rank,
 With gold and jewels cloth'd.

To make thy cheeks and neck so fair,
 Mine gave I to the stroke ;

My cheeks to them that pluck'd the hair,
My neck to justice' block.

Verse 11. *We will make * thee borders of
gold with studs of silver.*

Object not, saying, How shall I,
So weak, so black a swain,
Such beauties in JEHOVAH's eye,
Or furnish, or maintain?

For with united pow'r divine,
We Father, Son, and Sp'rit,
Do stand engag'd thee to refine,
And make thy form complete.

Keep thou no finite pow'rs in view,
To grace and deck thee thus;
Creation work, both old and new,
Belongs to none but Us.

We'll make thee yet more radiant gems
Of grace without thine aid,
To fence thy robe, like golden hems
With silver studs inlaid.

Thy growing grace shall thrive, and bear
A perfect crop at length;
Yet by no might within thy sphere,
But Our concurring strength.

Thy gold and silver ornament
Must strong and lasting prove;

The word used for making man at first. Gen. i. 26.

A Paraphrase on

For lo, it is the powerful vent
Of Our eternal love.

Of old, the good, the great Three-one,
Did jointly take thy part ;
Thy naked soul we thought upon,
With pity in Our heart.

We held a council for thy good,
Where I, without a sob,
Did choose a vesture dipt in blood,
To buy thy golden robe.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

*Verse 12. While the King sitteth at his table,
my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.*

Lo ! Zion's King array'd in state,
And love his luring vest,
Makes ample grace his royal treat,
And me his royal guest.

When this his splendid table head
Is with his presence crown'd,
My graces then like spikenard spread
Their grateful odours round.

With joyful heart I smile and sing;
Each grace doth rise and run ;
As languid plants revive and spring
In presence of the sun.

If he withdraw, they fade and faint,
Their vigour is restrain'd ;

But, by his sweet return, their scent
And savour is regain'd.

While at his royal feast he sits,
Such verdure fresh is giv'n,
That ev'ry sprig of grace emits
A fragrant smell of heav'n.

My glad affections leap and dance,
When with a smiling face
The King does spread and countenance
The table of his grace.

Verse 13. *A bundle of myrrh is my well be-
loved unto me ; he shall lie all night betwixt
my breasts.*

No wonder that my spikenard smells
So sweetly when he comes ;
His love, that casts the scent, excels
The choicest of perfumes.

Faith, love, and joy begin to stir,
And spread their odours high,
When Jesus, like a bunch of myrrh
Does in my bosom lie.

From this unfolded bundle flies
His favour all abroad ;
Such complicated sweetness lies
In my incarnate God.

Abundant virtue here I see
To ev'ry case adapt ;
The fulness of a Deity
Is in the bundle wrapt.

Yea, in my well-beloved Lord
 This plenitude divine
 Is for my use and comfort stor'd ;
 For he himself is mine.

And has he deign'd thus from above
 To show his glorious charms ?
 I'll hold him fast by faith and love,
 As in my folded arms.

My heart and bosom where he rests,
 No other love shall know ;
 There he embrac'd shall lie, while lasts
 The night of sin and woe.

This sweet repose shall wear away
 The shadows of the night,
 Until the dawning of the day
 Of everlasting light.

Verse 14. *My beloved is unto me as a cluster
 of camphire * in the vineyards of En-gedi.*

My best belov'd to whom the wings
 Of my affections flee,
 Is sweeter than the sweetest things
 Of heav'n and earth to me.

In vineyards fair of En-gedi
 Are camphire clusters sweet :
 How infinitely more is he,
 In whom I am complete ?

* *Copher*, the same word that signifies an atonement or propitiation.

When sin and wrath my conscience press,
He standeth for my good,
A cluster full of righteousness,
And wrath appeasing blood.

Still fresh in view, I may design
His dying love to me,
Like myrrh and camphire, sweet and fine,
New bleeding from the tree.

By faith I eat the cluster prest,
And drink the blood he spilt
Of all love-banquets, here's the best,
Atonement for my guilt.

To me this bleeding love of his
Shall ever precious be:
Whatever he to others is,
He's all in all to me.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 15. *Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair, thou hast doves eyes.*

What! is thy heart a bed of rest,
A room reserv'd for me?
Behold I come to be thy guest,
And vent my heart to thee.

My truth that can't the false decoy
Of flatt'ring lips approve,
Asserts to elevate thy joy,
Thou art my pleasant love.

Lo, thou art fair, lo, thou art fair,
 Twice fair thou art I say;
 My righteousness and graces are
 Thy double bright array.

Though thou a spotted leopard,
 And black thyself dost see;
 Yet, as a mark of my regard,
 I'll see no spot in thee.

When to a dog of no avail
 Thou humbly dost compare;
 And call thyself a mass of hell,
 Even then I call thee fair.

But since thy faith can hardly own
 My beauty put on thee,
 Behold! behold! twice be it known,
 Thou art all fair to me.

I see the beauty of the dove
 Within thy soul that lies;
 Affections there exactly move,
 Like turtles charming eyes.

So modest, humble, pure and chaste,
 And faithful to their mate;
 On me alone they fix and rest,
 And all my rivals hate.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 16. *Behold, thou art fair, my beloved,
 yea, pleasant.*

What wonders, Lord, dost thou perform,
That stoopest thus so low,
To put thy beauty on a worm,
And then commend it so?

What! dost thou praise a native black?
I blush to find it true:

O lend me words, to render back
The praise to whom 'tis due.

Lo! my beloved, thou, ev'n thou
Art infinitely fair;

Yea, altogether pleasant too,
And sweet beyond compare.

All comeliness divine in thee
Most gloriously does shine;
What beauty thou commends in me,
Is but the shade of thine.

Dost thou applaud the little stream
That from thy fulness rose?
How highly then should I esteem
The fountain whence it flows!

How shall I thee extol, my God?
It shames me to be mute,
When thou exalts a loathsome clod,
Wrapt in a borrow'd suit.

But, who, alas! can words invent,
To magnify thy grace?
Seraphic pencils cannot paint
The beauties of thy face.

May my delighted eye still gaze
On charming pleasures here;
And what I cannot loudly praise
I'll silently admire.

—*Also our bed is green.*

How can my tongue the favours hide
That thus my heart attach?
For never was a worthless bride
So happy in her match.

Besides, his personage so great
His equipage is fine;
His furniture and bed of state,
For fellowship divine.

When here his love abroad is shed,
My soul his cheerful guest,
Sleeps in his arms as in a bed,
Of holy joy and rest.

If wisdom in a mystery
Will heav'n to hell betroth,
Th' ensuing miracle must be
One bed to serve us both.

What kindness here he does avouch,
No mortal tongue can tell;
The heir of heav'n has made a couch
To hug an heir of hell.

Lo, this our bed of sweet solace,
Green like the verdant field,

Abundant fruits of holiness
Does by his blessing yield.

To deck our bed of nuptial loves,
Buds of the spring convene ;
My fertile soul so pregnant proves,
I'm like an olive green.

Fair blossoms of indulgent grace
That shade the temple round,
With lively verdure paint the place,
And spread the holy ground.

*Verse 17. The beams of our house are cedar,
and our rafters * of fir †.*

Our nuptial-bed in Zion stands,
Within our royal court :
For there the blessing God commands,
There is his lov'd resort.

Our stately dwelling-house excels
The seats of mortal kings ;
Whose pompous courts are nothing else
But specious empty things.

Their gaudy grandeur shrinks away
Within their with'ring bow'rs ;
No gilded house of mould'ring clay
Is sure and strong like ours.

The holy cov'nant heav'n commands
With promises of note ;

* Or galleries.

† Or cypresses.

By which our house compacted stands
Are beams which never rot.

No cedar wood from Lebanon,
Nor fir so firm endures,
As these our rafters, which his own
Almighty pow'r secures.

Thus stablish'd, even our lower courts
Defy the gates of hell;
For everlasting strength supports
The dome wherein we dwell.

In precious cypress gall'ries here
We walk along in state;
Such are the ordinances dear
Of my imperial mate.

In these sweet mansions of his grace,
I'll walk with great delight,
Till he prepare a nobler place,
To walk with him in white.

CHAP. II.

THE mutual Love of Christ and his Church—The Hop^e
and Calling of the Church—Christ's Care of the Church
—The Church's Profession, her Faith and Hope.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 1. *I am the rose of Sharon, and the
lily of the valleys.*

SUCH tainted air from Adam's bow'r
O'er curst mankind blows,
That no green bed, nor sav'ry flow'r,
In nature's desert grows.

Thou then that fings the verdant bed
Adorn'd with flow'rs of grace,
Come see the rose and lily spread,
That thus perfumes the place.

I Jesus, am the fragrant rose,
That healing odours yields,
And free for common-profit grows,
In Sharon's open fields.

That all who please may freely come,
Of lapsed human race;
And share the sanative perfume,
That suits their sickly case.

My bleeding love, so oft express'd
To guilty sinners, shows
A beauty in my bloody vest,
Beyond the ruddy rose.

Should I to comely flow'rs compare
 The beauties of my face,
 Roses and lilies, red and fair,
 Would strive in it for place.

But what's my common paint, cast o'er
 The blossoms of the field?
 Though Solomon in all his glore
 Must to their splendour yield.

Their comely form but serves to foil
 The flow'r of flow'rs above,
 Sprung from the hottest heav'nly soil,
 My Father's fervent love;

Who thence the lily did translate
 To valleys here below,
 That virtue from my humbled state
 To sinful worms might flow:

And that in vales of misery,
 When withering comforts fail,
 The rose of heav'n might also be
 The lily of the vale.

*Verse 2. As the lily, among the thorns, so is
 my love among the daughters.*

While I the rose and lily fair,
 Join'd as my title claim,
 My love, the bride, must have a share
 Of my enamell'd name.

Mine image, she so harmless bears
 Amidst a furious broil;

She as a lily fair appears
Ev'n in a thorny foil.

Among the daughters of despite,
The offspring of the earth,
Her lily form, so lovely white,
Shows her superior birth.

Beset with briers that pierce and pain,
Yet precious in my view,
She pure and harmless does remain
Among the noxious crew.

The whole of Satan's children are
A field of hurtful thorns,
Enrag'd by hell to scratch and mar
The flower that heav'n adorns.

But I'll provide in this turmoil
My lily with a shield;
And afterward a better foil,
My glorious azure field.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 3. *As the apple tree among the trees
of the wood, so is my beloved among the
sons.—*

My dearest Lord has won my heart
With his mellifluous * tongue,
That gives unworthy me a part
Both in his name and song.

* Sweetly eloquent.

He to my need his names doth suit,
As if he could not be
A rose and lily of repute,
Without adorning me.

His fav'ry titles thus made known,
In such endearing ways,
As wrap my name within his own,
Provoke my heart to praise.

Awake, my soul, commend his grace,
And sing the living tree,
Who by such apples of solace
Commends himself to thee.

Above the daughters of the earth
Does he extol my name ;
Above the sons of higher birth
I will his praise proclaim.

As garden apple trees excel
The forests barren race,
So shines my Lord o'er mortals all,
With a superior grace.

His fruit so sweet, his form so fair,
His healing leaves so broad ;
This tree of life bears no compare
With sons of men, or God.

Created shrubs, wild gourds, begone ;
I climb a higher tree ;
Jesus, the living God, alone
Yields shade and sap to me.

—*I sat down under his shadow with great
delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.*

What fool foever disagrees,
My sweet experience proves,
That Jesus is the tree of trees,
Among a thousand groves.

From Paradise wherein he grows,
He spreads his branches vast,
To give sweet shade for my repose,
Sweet fruit for my repast.

When sore fatigu'd, I sat by faith
Beneath his cooling shade,
Screen'd from the heat of scorching wrath,
My shelter'd soul was glad.

The shadow of his righteousness,
The covert of his blood,
When conscious guilt and dread oppress,
A happy peace conclude.

This shadow shields me from the fire
That strikes the dread and awe;
The flaming heav'n's incensed ire,
And Sinai's fiery law.

Such shelter this thick shade imparts,
That no temptation fierce,
No feather'd shafts, nor fiery darts,
Can once the shadow pierce.

When Christ my screen is interpos'd
Between the flames and me,

My joyful heart and lips unclos'd
Adore the glorious tree.

No mortal tongue can speak the bliss
That in his shade is giv'n;
For then I'm safe from all distress
And taste an early heav'n.

The tree does with immortal food
My fainting soul solace,
With fruits, the purchase of his blood,
The apples of his grace.

O here's the tree of life, that gives
The virtue sinners need,
Enliv'ning fruit and healing leaves,
To raise and cure the dead.

Pardons, and promises, and joys
Upon his branches grow;
Which, bending down with gentle poise,
Unload themselves below.

Laden with grace, his fruit he drops,
And spreads my table o'er,
To please my taste, and feed my hopes,
Until I feast in glore.

*Verse 4. He brought me to the banqueting
house*, and his banner over me was lovè.*

Who but my Lord, the living tree,
My leader also is,

* Or house of wine.

That brings me near to taste and see
This love and grace of his ?

Because my fall, he kindly thought,
Did nature's power displace ;
To his wine cellars I was brought
By his almighty grace.

Brought from his garden, to his house,
To taste more joy divine :
From sipping of the apple-juice,
To drink the spiced wine.

With sweet and ravishing solace
My soul was feasted there,
In ordinances of his grace,
The house of his repair.

And lo ! the royal flag display'd,
Dy'd with the bleeding vine,
Along my solemn entrance led
Into his house of wine.

With flying colours did I move,
And march triumphantly ;
For then was love, victorious love,
His banner lifted high.

This signal of his grace adorn'd
That stately march of mine ;
And for my entertainment turn'd
My water into wine.

Love's conqu'ring flag, for war so near,
Did all my sins subdue ;

Love led the van, love fenc'd the rear,
Love dash'd the hellish crew.

My fainting heart was giving o'er,
Till with his ensign spread,
My standard-bearer went before,
And all the furies fled.

Soul, now to arms; love fights and wins;
This banner guards my life;
Almighty love will slay my sins,
And end the bloody strife.

Still therefore to pursue the chase,
'Till I triumph above;
I'll mind the banquet of his grace,
The banner of his love.

With love he march'd, with love he led,
With love he arm'd my breast;
With love he drew, with love he fed,
With love he crown'd the feast!

Verse 5. *Stay* * *me with flaggons, comfort* † *me*
with apples; for I am sick of love.

Lo! while my mem'ry does review
His matchless bleeding love,
My spirit falls a bleeding too,
My bowels melt and move.

O ye, whose office is to bear
The vessels of his grace,

* Here the verbs are in the plural number, *Stay ye me*
comfort ye me. † *Strew me.*

Bring flaggons full of comfort here,
And apples of solace.

Large vessels fetch without delay,
With cordials from above :

Haste, ere my spirit swoon away ;
I'm sick, I'm sick of love !

I'm overcome ; I faint, I fail,
'Till love shall love relieve :
More love divine the wound can heal,
That love divine did give.

The *agent* Christ alone I view,
Tho' now my soul that faints,
In sickness raves of aid from you,
That are but *instruments*.

Fill out the wine my Lord did bleed
To stay and strengthen me :
The deeper in his love I wade,
The sweeter still is he.

Strew me with apples all along ;
Their taste does so surprise,
I'd lie and roll myself among
These fruits of Paradise.

Support this sinking heart of mine
Beneath a weight of love,
With living fruit, and gen'rous wine
From azure fields above.

I cannot surfeit here nor siff,
Ev'n tho' my cup run o'er ;

But feed on hunger, drink on thirst,
And covet always more.

New feasts of love I seek, to free
And give love sickness ease.

How can I lothe what sickens me,
So sweet is my disease?

The love, the love that I bespeak,
Does wonders in my soul:

For, when I'm whole, it makes me sick;
When sick, it makes me whole.

More of the joy that makes me faint,
Would give me present ease:

If more should kill me, I'm content
To die of that disease.

*Verse 6. His left hand is under my head, and
his right hand doth embrace me.*

How soon my fainting soul did cry
For cordials to be brought,
So soon my Lord himself drew nigh,
With more than I had sought.

I sought wine-flaggons, but anon
The vine drew near to me;
I sought but apples in my swoon,
And lo, I found the tree.

When I on servants call'd in vain,
My Lord himself with speed
Did in his arms of love amain
Uphold my fainting head.

My heart's desire is now obtain'd,
I have my royal guest,
And, by his kind embrace sustain'd,
Do in his bosom rest.

He does with joys that can't be told
My health and strength repair,
And both his hands about me hold,
To show his tender care.

His left hand for my support he
Beneath my head doth place ;
And for my comfort lendeth me
His right hand's soft embrace.

His presence brings a plenteous show'r
Of blessings from above ;
For now I'm *guarded* with his pow'r,
And *girded* with his love.

For my *solace*, 'gainst sin and death,
I feel his heav'nly charms,
And for my *safety* underneath
His everlasting arms.

Verse 7. *I charge you* *, *O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the binds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love †, till he please.*

* Heb. *Adjure you.*

† The word *my* is a supplement, and the word *love* is in the feminine gender. She speaks of Christ as that *love* eminently, or *love* in the abstract ; the original runs, *that ye stir not up, nor awake love till it please.*

Immortal love, her rest and room
Does in my bosom take ;
Woe to the fury that shall come
This joyful rest to break.

Soon as the tim'rous hinds and roes
Are scar'd from sleep and rest,
Would earth and hell this sweet repose
Maliciously infect.

O Salem's daughters, then I pray,
And charge you stand in awe
To waken love, or do what may
Make Jesus to withdraw.

Yea, all about me I adjure,
Professors and profane,
Excepting neither rich nor poor,
The sov'reign nor the swain.

By pleasant roes and loving hinds,
Affection's emblem meet ;
By all that's dear to loving minds,
And ev'ry thing that's sweet ;

By all thats lovely in your eyes
I earnestly obtest,
Since Jesus in my bosom lies,
Ye may not mar his rest.

Begone, Sin, Satan, earthly toys,
Far be ye from my heart ;
Approach not to disturb my joys,
Nor cause my Lord depart.

His smiles are free, he comes and goes,
My happy hour is this :
Why should ye prove such cursed foes
To interrupt my bliss ?

My glorious Lord now sleeps within
Mine arms of faith and love ;
I charge myself, my heart, my sin,
Not once to stir nor move.

He may as sov'reign countermand
The signals of his grace ;
But never let a sinful hand
Of mine eclipse his face.

Let no deceitful lusts attend,
To rob me of his charms ;
Nor cursed unbelief, to rend
My love out of mine arms.

I all the spawn of hell explode
That would his rest annoy ;
O may I never grieve my God,
Nor sin away my joy.

*Verse 8. The voice of my beloved ! behold, he
cometh leaping upon* the mountains, skip-
ping upon the hills.*

Sweet was the rest, but short the stay
Of Jesus my belov'd,
Who lately in my bosom lay,
But instantly remov'd.

* Or over.

Thus doth my sov'reign Lord declare
The freedom of his charms,
By slipping off, amidst my care
To hold him in mine arms.

Great hills, alas ! now intervene
Betwixt my Lord and me ;
His voice unheard, his face unseen :
Stop, stop, I hear, I see.

The voice of my beloved sounds,
I know the charming lyre ;
No mortal voice so sweetly wounds
And ravishes mine ear.

I hear the voice, I feel the dart,
My breath begins to burn ;
The *joyful sound* revives my heart
With hopes of his return.

In's volume, *Lo, I come*, said he ;
And now I see him move
In solemn triumph towards me,
On wings of wondrous love.

His coming in the flesh I view,
Glad heav'n his march attends ;
And coming in the Spirit too,
For lo, the dove descends.

Dark shades adieu, bright morning springs,
Behold the gilded iphere !
Incarnate love's perfumed wings
Now cleave the shady air,

He, over hills and mountains high,
Comes flying on the clouds,
In stately pomp advancing nigh
Thro' all opposing crowds.

Of principalities and pow'rs
He makes an open shew ;
Down, in his march, he throws the tow'rs
Of hell's outrageous crew.

He skips o'er rocks without delay,
Nor tarries he to climb ;
For hills and mountains in the way
Are but a leap to him.

O'er heaps of sin to run he deigns,
O'er hills of guilt to flee ;
Nor death, nor hell, nor wrath restrains
His loving march to me.

Verse 9. *My beloved is like a roe, or a young
hart :—*

When faith itself could hardly see
What pow'r could ever pave
The rocky mountains whereon he
Must come to seek and save ;

When manifold obstructions met,
My loving Jesus made
A stepping stone of ev'ry let
That in his way was laid.

O'er hills of sin and vales of grief,
O'er mountains, rocks, and seas,

For my salvation and relief
He runs, he leaps, he flees,

O'er every Bether high and low,
That him and me did part,
He marches like the bounding roe
Or loving youthful hart.

To manifest that his delights
Were with the sons of men,
He hastens to restore their rights,
And rise Satan's den.

No doubt remains of his good will,
Whose speedy march does prove
His joyful fondness to fulfil
His purposes of love.

When heinous trespasses of mine
Make me conclude that he
Will never any more incline
Again to visit me.

And yet I see him hastening near,
And smiling in my face;
How can I but adore, admire,
And magnify his grace!

— *Behold, he standeth behind our wall, he
looketh forth* at the windows, showing†
himself through the lattice.*

Come, friends, admire how he renews
The visits of his grace,

* Or rather looketh in.

† Flourishing.

And in what various forms he shows
The beauties of his face.

His darkest ways will prove him kind ;
For when he hides at all,
He goes not far, but stands behind
Our own partition wall.

Tho' we, alas ! do build up high
The hiding wall of sin ;
Yet he behind it, very nigh,
Stands ready to come in.

His feet no rest can elsewhere take,
But skipping, leaping, move,
Till me the resting place he make,
And centre of his love.

And tho' while in this distant place,
This vale of sin and thral,
There's still between me and his face
A thick, a dark'ning wall ;

Yet distance alters not his love,
Nor ought abates his care,
Which force him thro' the wall to move,
And make a window there :

That there, as thro' a window-glass
However dark and dim,
His eye of love to me may pass,
Mine eye of faith to him.

Thro' lattices that light divide,
Thro' glorious gospel lines,

A vail of flesh, a pierced side,
His love, his beauty shines

Thus, like a beauteous flow'r in spring,
He shows himself in state,
Before the window flourishing,
And growing thro' the grate.

Verse 10. *My beloved spake, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come
away.*

When my beloved Jesus nigh
Did to my soul appear,
His matchless beauty charm'd mine eye,
His gracious words mine ear.

Why tho' the sweetest favours giv'n
Are in his felt embrace;
Yet surest intercourse with heav'n
Is by his word of grace.

I'll therefore sing the words he said,
And his alluring art,
Who me no silent visit made,
But spake into my heart.

Thy joyful sound my soul restor'd,
And heal'd to that degree,
I never will forget his word
By which he quicken'd me.

“ Rise up (said he), my pleasant bride,
“ And leave what thee annoys;

- " Lay killing fears and damps aside,
 " And share my quick'ning joys.
" My love, there is no spot in thee
 " But what my grace shall hide ;
" Thou art and ever more shalt be
 " My fair and comely bride.
" And since thou'rt mine by solemn tie,
 " And I'm so fond of thee,
" It ill becomes thee to be shy,
 " And carry strange to me.
" Are mortal pleasures worth thy stay ?
 " Fly from their dying arms ;
" Haste to my bosom, come away,
 " And share immortal charms.

Verse 11. *For lo, the winter is past, the rain
is over and gone.*

- " Come love (said he), for now thy way
 " Is pleasant, safe, and plain :
" Behold a fair inviting day,
 " And heav'n above serene.
" Fear not the storm ; for e'er I gave
 " The gracious call to thee,
" Fair weather I commanded have,
 " And calm'd the raging sea.
" Thou hast no dang'rous winter flight,
 " No drop of wrath to dread ;
" The storm did with a vengeance light
 " Down on thy surety's head.

- " So full did I my charge perform
 " Once in thy room and place,
 " That now no killing wrathful storm
 " Can blow upon thy face.
 " Tempestuous wrath and death is past,
 " Stern justice is appeas'd;
 " Since I courageous bore the blast,
 " All heav'n is fully pleas'd.
 " I call thee not to fight and bleed,
 " But free of pain and toil,
 " To follow thy victorious Head,
 " And gather in the spoil.
 " Yea winter of desertion's past,
 " And rain of trouble o'er,
 " While by my presence now thou hast
 " An antepast * of glore.

*Verse 12. The flowers appear on the earth,
 the time of the singing † of birds is come.—*

- " Come, come; for now, beloved bride,
 " By warming beams of grace,
 " The youthful spring with flow'ry pride
 " Looks smiling in thy face.

See lapsed nature's cursed earth,
 " Nipt with a winter fall,

* Or foretaste.

† Heb. *The time of singing is come.* The word rendered *singing*, signifies also to *prune* or *crop*.

" Now blest'd with buds of heav'nly birth,
" And flow'rs around the ball.

" See Adam's dry and blasted root,
" Where briers and thorns were rise,
" Now bud and bear unfading fruit
" Unto immortal life.

" Lo, heav'n appears upon the ground
" Where hell grew up apace;
" While earthly hearts do now abound
" With heav'nly flowers of grace.

" The fading trees of righteousness
" Resume their fruitful life,
" While I the branches lop and dress,
" And bless the pruning knife.

" The present time of peaceful spring,
" From wint'ry blusters free,
" Invite the heav'nly birds to sing
" Upon the living tree.

—*And the voice of the turtle † is heard in our land.*

" Lo, now is heard the heav'nly dove,
" The sacred turtle's voice;
" The joyful sound of grace and love
" Makes drooping hearts rejoice.

" Resounding echoes thro' the plain
" From all my little doves,

† By the turtle some understand the Spirit, some the bride.

- " That in the valleys mourn amain,
 " Melodious music proves.
 " Their hearts that could nor joy nor mourn,
 " So close bound up and pent,
 " Have now, upon their Lord's return,
 " A joyful, mournful vent.
 " As loving friends long distant do
 " Most joyful meet their wish,
 " Whose sorrows during absence, now
 " Dissolving, bleed afresh.
 " So wrestling tribes in cheerful moans
 " Their Lord approaching wait,
 " With joyful hearts, yet mournful tones,
 " As turtles meet their mate.
 " Sweet sounds, alluring all that list,
 " Are heard on ev'ry hand,
 " Around the field that I have blest,
 " And styl'd *Immanuel's land*.

Verse 13. *The fig tree putteth forth her green
 figs, and the vine with the tender grapes
 give a good smell.—*

- " Now, now is the accepted time,
 " When heav'nly plants of grace
 " All pressing forward to their prime,
 " And thriving, grow apace.
 " The figs, tho' yet unripe for meat,
 " Appear in green array;

" Young grapes unripe for drink, yet sweet

" And sav'ry scents convey.

" With joy the early sprigs I see,

" The young and tender race ;

" And view, with pleasure in mine eye,

" The smallest buds of grace.

" Yea, lo, the well-advanced spring

" Does in abundance now

" Not only flow'rs for pleasure bring,

" But fruits for profit too.

" The living vine incessant does

" To ev'ry branch dispense

" Most sweet and odorif'rous juice,

" From steams of hell to fence.

" Are serpents said to flee the smell

" Of vines, with fear and dread ?

" Perfumes of heav'n's true vine repel

" Th' old serpent and his feed.

—Arise my love, my fair one, and come away.*

" Rise, drooping bride, while spring so sweet,

" In place of winter snell,

" Does thus by various charms invite

" Thine eyes, and ears, and smell.

" Fair love, 'tis thee I'm fond to wed,

" 'Tis thee I'm loth to want ;

" Come to thy heav'nly mate, and bid

" All earthly loves avaunt.

* See ver. 10.

- “ Thy company and love to gain
 “ I am so strongly bent,
“ I’ll still insist till I obtain
 “ Thy full and free consent.
“ Haste to mine arms ; for didst thou move
 “ As I’m to thee inclin’d,
“ Thy heart would on the wings of love
 “ Outfly the hasty wind.

Verse 14. *O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice ; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.*

- “ My dove that in the lofty rock
 “ Art wont to nestle high,
“ And to my wounds, when storms provoke,
 “ As shelt’ring holes to fly ;
“ In sacred corners wont to vent
 “ Thy heart to me alone,
“ Kindly to pour thy heavy ’plaint,
 “ And make thy humble moan :
“ O why dost thou that built so high,
 “ At ev’ry threat’ning shock,
“ So tim’rous now for shelter fly
 “ To any lower rock ?
“ Why, frightened from thy lofty nest,
 “ To lurking holes and clefts

- " Dost take, with shame and fear oppress,
 " Such vain and sorry shifts ?
- " Look up, my dove, nor blush, nor fear
 " Thy heav'nly mate to face,
- " Who wills thee boldly to appear
 " Before his throne of grace.
- " Lift voice and count'nance both upright
 " With confidence to me ;
- " And let thy voice mine ears delight,
 " Thy countenance mine eye.
- " For sweet's thy voice of pray'r and praise,
 " Which please me more to hear
- " Than ever choice melodious lays
 " Could charm a mortal ear.
- " Thy humblest mournful notes, my dove,
 " Excel, in my esteem,
- " Their highest strains that artful rove
 " In orat'ry divine.
- " Thy countenance is also fair,
 " And comely in mine eyes ;
- " Tho' earthly minds with scornful air
 " Thy heav'nly mien despise.
- " For, while my righteousness complete
 " Is still thy robe renown'd,
- " My graces in thy count'nance meet,
 " And cast their lustre round.

Verse 15. *Take * us the foxes, the little foxes*

* *Take*, in the original, is the plural number, *take ye*.

that spoil the vines : for our vines have tender grapes.

“ But since my bride’s a tim’rous dove,

“ Soon scar’d and set astray ;

“ Care must be taken to remove

“ The fright’ning beasts of prey.

“ Of hurtful foes a hellish brood

“ Against her peace combines ;

“ As in a vineyard foxes rude

“ Infest the feeble vines.

“ Let all concern’d in her and me

“ Soon, at our instance, seize

“ The foxes great and small they see,

“ That spoil the rising trees.

“ Ye ministers of my affairs,

“ My vineyard who attend,

“ I charge you guard against the snares

“ That do the vines offend.

“ All erring teachers soon descry,

“ Deceitful workers check ;

“ All false apostles take and try,

“ Refute, repel, reject.

“ No cunning spoiler slightly mark,

“ No little foxes spare :

“ For these no small destruction work,

“ No little mischief share.

“ A little fox soon spoils and rents

“ Small branches to the stump

- " A little leaven soon ferments
 " And leavens all the lump.
" Our vines have small and tender grapes :
 " And if the strong, the big,
" With much ado the hurt escapes,
 " How hardly will the sprig ?
" Each soul be also taught to catch
 " Small foxes hid in heart,
" Vain thoughts, deceitful lusts, that hatch
 " And gender grievous smart,
" Their little rising brats destroy,
 " Their small beginnings hush ;
" Else they the buds of grace and joy
 " The tender branches crush."

Verse 16. *My beloved is mine, and I am his ;
 he feedeth * among the lilies †.*

Such were the kindly words he spoke
 To give my soul repose ;
Such was the order strict he took
 With my disturbing foes.

I'll therefore boldly now assert,
 While yet he hides his face,
And own his int'rest in my heart,
 My int'rest in his grace.

Lo ! I am his, and he is mine ;
 Our titles are involv'd

* *Viz.* Himself or his people.

† His people or his ordinances,

By mystic union, so divine,
As cannot be dissolv'd.

Our mutual int'rest firm abides,
And will endure for ay;
Hence, tho' behind the shades he hides,
He is not far away.

Tho' heav'n the noblest banquet yields,
Among his flow'rs above;
Yet here amidst his lily fields
He keeps his feasts of love.

'Mong saints whose robes are lily white,
By washing in his blood,
To grace the feast is his delight,
His meat, and drink, and food.

With loving care his flocks he feeds
Upon the fattest place,
Among the fairest lily beds,
The pastures of his grace.

By faith I wait my proper share,
When nought by sense I see;
And argue from his past'ral care
His loving mind to me.

Verse 17. * *Until the day break †, and the shadows flee away.*——

Among the lilies here below
My Lord will feed and stay,

* These words are applicable either to the preceding or following.

† Breathe or blow.

Until eternal day shall blow
Time's shady night away,

Still therefore rays of joy remain,
Tho' damp with clouds of fear ;
Until he cleave the starry plain,
And on the clouds appear.

Did faints of old when wrapt in night,
Believing, hope to see
Incarnate love's substantial light
Make legal shadows flee ?

'Tis done ; and now the brighter sky
Makes gospel grace the pawn,
That all remaining shades shall die,
And sink in glory's dawn.

Her fiery wheels, with speedy flight,
Shall o'er the shades be hurl'd ;
And deluges of dawning light
O'erspread the dusky world.

Let there be light, once more he'll say,
Who first did gild the ball :
Then up shall rise the endless day,
And down the shadows fall.

Darkness, the charge, *no more to be*,
Shall hear, and soon obey,
And clouds of sin and sorrow flee
Before the rising day.

The long dark nights that kept the field
And domineer'd with might,

Shall then resign their place, and yield
To everlasting light.

Ev'n ordinances sweet shall pass,
Which darkly show him here ;
For then he'll break the looking-glass,
And face to face appear.

Welcome the great, the glorious store ;
Adieu sweet little pawns :
I'll doubt, and fear, and sin no more,
When glory's morning dawns.

— *Turn*, my beloved, and be thou like a
roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of
Bethel †.*

Kind Lord, till this bright morn appear
To my eternal bliss,
Till dusky shadows all retire
And work no more distress :

Turn, till this glorious break of day ;
O turn to me thy face ;
While in the shady vale I stay,
Deny me not thy grace.

While circling woes depress my soul
To various darksome urns :
Let circling mercies round me roll,
By various kind returns.

O'er hills of sin, and guilt, and woe,
That place us far apart,

* As in a circuit.

† Or of division.

Come marching like the bounding roe,
Or loving youthful hart.

O'er mountains to their mates they move,
They skip, they leap, they flee;
With equal ease, and speed, and love
Haste o'er the hills to me.

Tho' justly thou retire and hide,
Thy favours stand unmov'd;
I'll therefore own I am thy bride,
And thou art my belov'd.

Hence shall dividing hills and rents
Between my soul and thee,
Be to my faith but arguments
To haste thy march to me.

Let mighty hills, o'er much to go
Defies my feeble limbs,
Enhance the glory of the roe
That rocks and mountains climbs.

Difficulties so huge to me
I never can remove.
Be but occasions fair to thee
To show thine active love.

Let rising mountains haste the view
Of all-surmounting might;
And ev'ning shades, the falling dew
Of love, till morning light.

CHAP. III.

The Church's Fight and Victory in Temptation—She
glorieth in Christ.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 1. *By night on my bed, I sought him
whom my soul loveth : I sought him, but I
found him not.*

WHEN shadows dark, and mountains high,
With stern united might,
Conspir'd to hide him from mine eye
Whose absence is my night :

Upon my drowsy bed alone,
Amidst my slumbers tost,
I sought him ; but my slothful moan
And lazy labour lost.

Love acting such a languid part,
I felt a strange disease,
An absent Lord, a careless heart,
And rest without release.

Justly the darling of my soul,
Still rolling in my mind,
Did my dull suit again controul :
I sought ; but could not find.

Verse 2. *I will rise now, and go about the
city, in the streets, and in the broad ways*

*I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I
sought him but I found him not.*

Since my beloved won't be found
In such a sleepy road,
I'll rouse, and rise, and go around,
The city of my God.

More life and vigour than before,
Thro' grace, I will display;
And in my search frequent no more
This lazy, formal way,

But, shaking off my drowsy chains,
About his courts I'll move,
With more activity and pains,
To seek my dearest love.

I'll ev'ry secret corner trace,
And search the public street,
The ordinances of his grace,
'Till I my Saviour meet.

In mere resolves I did not sit,
But sought him here and there;
Yet, ah, the God of Jacob miss'd,
Even in the house of pray'r.

So much did former laziness
To present loss rebound,
That in the most devout address
He was not to be found.

Verse 3. The watchmen that go about the city

*found me : to whom I said, Saw ye him
whom my soul loveth ?*

Then was I, while I roam'd abroad,
By faithful watchmen found,
Who in the city of their God
Perform'd their painful round.

To whom I cry'd, with great respect,

“ Ye pilots of the blind,

“ Can ye my wand'ring steps direct,

“ My dearest love to find ?

“ I hope, ye who with heav'nly art,

“ Still tread the holy ground,

“ Well know the darling of my heart,

“ And where he may be found.

“ When my belov'd is hid from you,

“ What paths, what means of grace,

“ What course do ye yourselves pursue,

“ To see his lovely face ?

“ Tell me, ye watchmen of the night,

“ I pray you, tell me where

“ Did ye espy my soul's delight ?

“ That I may seek him there.

“ O happy stars, if ye might be

“ My guides to Jesus now !

“ Seers, did ye my Saviour see ?

“ Pray tell me where, and how ?”

But, ah ! no lips of saints or priests

My present 'plaint could stay ;

him All were but dry and empty breasts,
While Jesus was away.

My teachers left me still in doubt,
While he withheld his grace ;
Ev'n when their doctrine found me out,
And touch'd my very case.

Tho' public means no present stop
Put to my bleeding wound ;
Yet, lo the healing dew they drop !
I soon in private found.

*Verse 4. It was but a little that I passed
from them, but I found him whom my soul
loveth :*

When public ordinances fail'd
In easing my complaints ;
When little to my help avail'd,
Or ministers or fairs :

When means and duties could not do,
Tho' useful in their place,
As open inns ; and precious too,
As sweet canals of grace :

Yet, proving as to success weak,
Beyond them all I past,
A little further step to make,
And found my love at last.

When outward conduit-pipes could vent
No drop to help my need,

The little step I further went,
Was to the fountain-head.

For passing thro' the brittle reeds,
And but a little space;
And looking o'er the servants heads,
I saw the Master's face.

My trust and means did from them pass,
A higher rock to climb;
But thro' them as the looking-glass,
I fixt mine eyes on him,

How soon thro' gospel telescopes
Faith did his glory spy;
Dismissing all inferior hopes,
My heart pursu'd mine eye.

I found my soul's beloved chase,
In all his pleasing charms;
Then joyful flew to his embrace,
And grasp'd him in mine arms.

——*I held him, and would not let him go,*——

His presence which by faith and pray'r,
I sought so much to gain,
Now, when enjoy'd, with equal care
I labour to retain.

I wept for joy to see his face,
And like a kindly bride,
Enclos'd him fast in mine embrace,
And press'd him to abide.

His prefence did fuch blifs imply,
His abfence fuch a bane ;
I now resolv'd that he and I
Should never part again.

I faw his fmiling face, where flood
A thoufand lovely charms,
And melted down into a flood
Of pleafure in his arms.

And lighting now on Jacob's road,
Did equal fervour fhew ;
I wept and wreffled with my God,
And would not let him go.

In heat of battle for the blifs
On pleafant Bethel plains,
I held him by his faithfulnefs,
The girdle of his reins.

And while I made his truth my fhield,
His word of grace my ftay ;
The God of Jacob deign'd to yield,
And could not fay me nay.

Of freedom great without offence
Allowing me my fill ;
With holy, humble violence,
I won him to my will.

*—Until I had brought him into my mother's
houfe, and into the chambers of her that
conceived me.*

While such a banquet I enjoy'd,
Such power with God in prayer,
My court and moyen * I employed,
That others too might share.

Rememb'ring, while I suck'd the comb,
My starving friends in jail ;
I brought him to my mother's home,
His largesses to deal ;

That all my relatives might taste
My present wondrous bliss,
Who faint with famine in the waste
And howling wilderness.

With ardent zeal besought I him,
To let his blessing fall
On mystical Jerusalem,
The mother of us all.

'Tis writ in Zion's infant-roll,
This man and that man there
Was born again ; and there my soul
First drew the vital air.

I therefore begg'd, her offspring free
Might have, with peaceful days,
The pleasure of his company
In his approved ways.

His presence to her house I sought,
Its ruins to repair :
To strengthen what his hands had wrought,
And show his glory there.

I pray'd him to my native home,
As his belov'd resort,
Nor did my Lord refuse to come,
And grace his sacred court.

For there he fill'd oft to the brim
My cup of joy, and there
His love to me, and mine to him,
Did mutual tokens share.

I found to my experience glad,
That in the wrestling way,
The God of Jacob never said,
The seed of Jacob, nay,

*Verse 5. I charge you, O ye daughters of
Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the binds of
the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my
love, till he please *,*

My Lord does now his joyful rest
In Zion's bosom take ;
Woe to the sin, th' unwelcome guest,
This sweet repose shall break.

Ye daughters of Jerusalem,
That love to him profess,
Take care ye do not lose the gem,
The joy that ye possess.

* See chap. ii. 7. the same words, but here they relate
to Christ's presence in the church, the mother's house, that
that be not marred,

While some delight in hinds and roes,
And from alarms would shield
Their soon disturbed, soft repose,
Upon the open field.

Shall we awake our dearest love,
With vain and earthly noise,
That may provoke him to remove
And dash our present joys?

If some affect the rural charms
And pleasures of the field,
A dearer love is in our arms,
Than ever earth could yield.

If they their pleasing trifles would
All undisturb'd enjoy;
Shan't we our dearest darling hold
And hug without annoy?

Ye then that of my mother's house
The sons and daughters are,
Be careful, while he stays with us,
Lest ye the pleasure mar.

While he vouchsafes to be our guest,
And grace our public inn,
Let none of us disturb his rest,
By heav'n-provoking sin.

In love he comes and goes, and so
May leave his holy hill;
But woe to us if off he go
In wrath, against his will.

His will and pleasure is a law,
To which we must submit :
But never tempt him to withdraw,
Until he judge it fit.

THE COMPANIONS WORDS.

Verse 6. *Who is this * that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, and all powers of the merchant ?*

What bride is this, in bright array,
With precious blessings stor'd,
That gives us solemn charge to pay
Such homage to her Lord ?

Up from the desert see her move
And climb the azure skies :
As from the glowing altars strove
The smoky pillars rise.

Her heart inflam'd with holy fire
In the devoutest mode,
Adventures boldly to aspire
Unto the throne of God.

As tow'ring smoke in air serene,
With stately rising heads,
Majestic mounts above the plain
In lofty pyramids :

* This, here is in the feminine gender ; *q. d.* *Who is SHE that cometh up ?* &c.

See how her warm'd affections tow'r,
 And, with a heav'nly air,
 Contempt on earthly glory pour,
 As worthless of her care.

Perfum'd with myrrh and incense sweet,
 She smells like flow'ry spring,
 With fav'ry graces, odours meet
 To entertain her king.

No precious powders from afar,
 Of which the merchant boasts,
 Like these her grateful odours are,
 Brought from Immanuel's coasts.

So wond'rous are the charms we spy,
 So rich the 'broider'd robe;
 Her dazz'ling splendour blinds our eye,
 And blazes o'er the globe.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 7. *Behold his bed* *, *which is Solomon's.*

O friends, what mean you with surprise,
 On mortal me to gaze?
 From borrow'd beauty turn your eyes
 To uncreated rays.

Behold the king magnificent
 Who me so richly clad,

* See chap. i. 16.

Whom Solomon the opulent †
Did typify and shade.

Come, see his equipage prepar'd,
And ensigns of renown,
His stately bed, his royal guard,
His chariot, and his crown.

His bed of state in Zion stands,
Within the royal court ;
For there the blessing heav'n commands,
There is his lov'd resort.

There, still remains, as prophets vouch,
And holy scriptures tell,
The heir of heav'n's embroider'd couch
For hugging heirs of hell.

This is my rest, here will I stay,
In sacred lines he said ;
And, till he can his word unsay,
He'll never change his bed.

'Tis here with pleasure unexpress'd,
Our mutual loves combine,
On easy downs of holy rest,
And fellowship divine.

The furniture and cost immense
About the bed may clear,
An infinitely greater prince
Than Solomon is here.

— *Threescore valiant men are about it, of*

† Rich.

*the valiant of Israel. Verse 8. They all
held swords, being expert in war: every
man bath his sword upon his thigh, because
of fear in the night.*

Behold the royal guard, to fence
His bed on ev'ry side,
To show the splendour of the prince,
The safety of the bride.

A num'rous host of nobler knights
Than Solomon's brigade,
Of sixty valiant Israelites,
Around his iv'ry bed.

For lo, the resting-place to guard,
The hosts of God combine,
Thousands of angels all prepar'd,
And attributes divine.

The lowest rank that rails the bed
Are watchmen of the night,
Who stand as centries in the shade,
Until the morning light.

Of these the faithful to their prince
No naked soldiers are,
But arm'd complete for bold defence,
As mighty sons of war.

By long experience skilful grown,
They in the field command,
And val'rous for the heav'nly crown,
They fight with sword in hand.

The Spirit's sword each ready wears
Close girded by his side,
The word of God, to still the fears
Of Jesus' royal bride.

When nightly dread her quiet mar,
Their swords silence the fright,
And from the holy spot debar
The terrors of the night.

Yea, Zion's king himself acclaims
To be their shield and shade;
His blood, his word, his oath, his names
Defend the royal bed.

The sentry is almighty wings,
For subsidy * prepar'd :
What sleeping couch of earthly kings
Can boast of such a guard ?

Amidst night shades that fear suggest,
Amidst menacing † harms,
They lie secure whose bed of rest
Is strong Immanuel's arms.

Ye that my bright array descry,
See, see his guarded bed ;
Where I in ease and safety lie,
Beneath his garment spread.

Verse 9. *King Solomon made himself a charist of the wood of Lebanon.* Verse 10. *He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom*

* Help or aid.

† Threatening.

*thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple;
the midst thereof being paved with love, for
the daughters of Jerusalem.*

Ye that, amaz'd at my ascent,
Stand gazing to the sky,
Come see the engine eminent,
By which I mount so high.

Lo, here ! beside the resting-place
And bed to lay me soft,
Are flying chariot-wheels of grace,
To bear my soul aloft.

Our Solomon the prince of peace,
The king of Zion, fam'd
For his renown, and my release,
A stately chariot fram'd.

He who for pleasure made the bed,
For peace who set the guard,
For solemn pomp and cavalcade
This glorious engine rear'd.

He, congruous to his old decree,
For showing forth his praise,
A cov'nant firm of promise free
Did like a chariot raise.

None fram'd of Leb'nons finest wood
By wisest engineers,
Could equal this, so gay, so good,
And firm to endless years.

The pillars thereof, for the ease
And support of the weak,

Are precious silver promises
That will nor bow nor break.

Its bottom is a ground-work sure,
Of pure and solid gold,
From bankrupt begg'ry to secure,
From falling thro' t'-uphold.

Its cov'ring safe from sin to shroud,
And sure from wrath to hide,
Is purple dye, the scarlet flood
From Jesus' wounded side.

For Salem's race (tho' some purblind,
Its outside pomp but move)
The midst unseen is pav'd and lin'd
With velvet seats of love.

He who, to show his kindness fresh,
For human brats abroad,
Came riding in a car of flesh,
The high, the humble God;

Now for his bride a chariot fair
Of gospel-grace provides;
In which he conqu'ring ev'ry where,
And she triumphing rides.

Verse II. *Go forth, O daughters of Zion,
and behold king Solomon with the crown
wherewith his mother crowned him in the
day of his espousals, and in the day of the
gladness of his heart.*

King Jesus' royalties each one,
O Zion's daughters, see ;
The bed, the guard, the couch, the crown
Presented to your eye.

Behold my King, you'll strange the less
To see my bright array ;
'Tis fit I now appear in dress,
His coronation day.

Go forth in heart, from earthly toys,
From self, that airy thing,
From sinful pleasures, dying joys,
And see the living King.

To him whom mother Zion bore,
The crown does appertain ;
His Father to his mother swore,
That Solomon should reign.

Behold the King with wonder deep,
Whose glory cannot fade,
Jesus through Solomon the type,
The substance through the shade.

Come see, believe, admire, adore,
Heav'n glad'ning homage pay,
To match his mother's crown he wore
Upon his nuptial day.

The day wherein he blest the earth,
And won his bride apart :
When she him met with holy mirth,
And he rejoic'd in heart.

The faints, who do his homage bear,
Proclaim the high renown
Of Zion's king, who deigns to wear
Their praises as his crown.

They act the fond * maternal part,
In joint applauding bands ;
The heav'nly babe form'd in their heart,
Is crown'd with both their hands.

His wedding and his crowning day,
Their pompous joys unite ;
To pourtray him the lovely way
Where grace and grandeur meet.

Once bound unto the altar's horns,
A victim for our dues,
His head was crown'd with cruel thorns,
By's mother-church the Jews.

But pleasure now his pains repay,
And pomp that suits him well ;
His Father's crown with sov'reign sway,
O'er heav'n and earth and hell.

* Motherly.

CHAP. IV.

Christ setteth forth the Graces of the Church—He sheweth his Love to her—The Church Prayeth to be made Fit for his Presence.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 1. *Behold, thou art fair, my love, behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from mount Gilead.*

My love, who slighting gaudy fame,
Dost human praise eschew,
From zeal to magnify my name,
And give to me my due.

Thy name no detriment sustains
By travail mine to raise;
For, lo! I now return thy pains,
By crowning thee with praise.

My truth that can't the false decoy
Of flatt'ring lips approve,
Asserts, to animate thy joy,
Thou art my spotless love,

Lo! thou art fair; lo! thou art fair!
Twice fair thou art, I say;
My righteousness and graces are
Thy double bright array.

Tho' thou a spotted leopard,
And black thyself dost style;

Yet, as a mark of my regard,
I count thee free of guile.

When to a dog, a mite, a gnat,
Thou dost thyself compare,
And call thyself a hellish brat,
Ev'n then I call thee fair.

Thy trembling faith will scarcely own
My comeliness on thee;
Behold, behold! twice be it known,
Thou art all fair in me!

I see the beauties of the dove
Thee decks without disguise;
For there devout affections move,
Like turtles charming eyes.

So modest, humble, pure, and chaste,
So faithful to their mate;
On me alone they fix and rest,
And all my rivals hate.

Thy beauteous eyes veil'd with thy locks,
Show wise sobriety:
And heav'ly beauties finest strokes,
From ostentation free.

Gay, like a comely flock of goats
On Gilead's stately height,
Is thine adorning hair, that notes
Thy gesture shining bright.

No artful curls, no pamper'd hair,
The pride of mortal clay,

Can parallel the heav'nly air
Of thy well order'd way.

*Verse 2. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep
that are even shorn, which came up from the
washing : whereof every one bears twins, and
none is barren among them.*

The world, struck with thy beauty, may
Believe thy pasture good,
Did they thy grinders white survey,
That champ the heav'nly food.

Thy teeth, the bread of life that cull,
And eager eat my flesh,
Are acts of faith in number full,
In nature fair and fresh.

Thy priests, the living bread who break,
And nurse the babes new born ;
When, by an equal law they act,
Like ev'nly teeth adorn.

None does his fellow overgrow,
Wry'd from his proper place ;
But all, as equal grinders, show
Due pains to feed thy race.

They hold a comely parity,
Nor orderless molest,
As proud o'ertopping teeth would be
Like prelates o'er the rest.

Thine active zeal yet mild, doth keep
A just equality ;

Like ev'nly rounded flocks of sheep,
New past the shearer's eye.

Thy purity exceeds their fleece
Wash'd in the crystal flood ;
Thy fruits of holiness and peace
Outvie their num'rous brood.

There does not in the flock appear
One fruitless barren womb :
But all by twins, their product bear,
And lead them bleating home.

*Verse 3. Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet,
and thy speech is comely ; thy temples are like
a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.*

I view'd thy beauteous moving lips,
Instructing Salem's race,
And dropping purest nectar sips,
In fav'ry words of grace.

Thence sacred pray'rs and praise proceed,
So grateful unto God ;
Thy lips are like a scarlet thread
Dy'd with atoning blood.

These balmy lips with pleasing voice
Shrill in devotion's path,
Salute mine ears with secret joys ;
And spread a fragrant breath.

Thy speech, in praise, to my renown ;
And pray'r for bliss from me ;

In social words, to make me known ;
Shows grace with gravity.

Hence 'granate like, thy temples fair,
Vail'd in thy locks appear ;
While ruddy blushes deck thy prayer,
When none but God can hear.

From men thou hid'st thy rosy cheeks,
Which shame for sin doth flush,
Yet, spite of masks, thy mien detects
Thy beauteous holy blush.

*Verse 4. Thy neck is like the tower of David
builded for an armoury, whereon there hang
a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty
men.*

Besides thy coral lips and cheeks,
Thy tow'ring iv'ry neck,
Fram'd like a heav'nly structure, speaks
Wisdom its architect.

This neck of precious faith excels
King David's stately tower ;
It holds the glorious head, and dwells
Upon the rock of power.

As *that* was for an arm'ry built
Of warlike weapons bright,
Where hung a thousand bucklers gilt,
All shields of men of might :

So *this* most vig'rous faith of thine
More conquest by my names,

My words and attributes divine,
Than many shields acclaims.

Defensive arms, in ev'ry case,
Within this tower abound ;
With weapons of victorious grace,
And bulwarks built around.

Thy neck of faith assimilates
An arm'ry built upright :
It stands renown'd for valiant feats
And boldest acts of might.

Faith joining her almighty King,
Safe, spite of fears, can dwell ;
And viewing death, without a sting,
Defy the gates of hell.

Verse 5. *Thy two breasts are like two young
roes that are twins, which feed among the
lilies *.*

Thy breasts of love resemble roes
Both young delightful twins :
In thee such equal ardour glows
For God, and 'gainst thy sins.

Thou op'nest frank a twofold breast,
Two test'ments, and two seals ;
Which to thy children yield a feast
Of milk for daily meals.

Thine equal breasts delightful feed
With milk of sweet solace,

* See chap. vii. 3.

In just proportion to the need
Of all the babes of grace.

Among my flocks, the lily fields
Where I with pleasure feast,
Thy wholesome conversation yields
Sweet food with open breast.

*Verse 6. Until the day break, and the shadows
flee away, I will get me up to the mountains
of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.*

I heard thy former warm request,
To haste the shades away,
Or, during night, abide thy guest
Until the break of day.

Thy prayer still in mind I bear,
To which no longer mute,
As then I bent my list'ning ear,
So now I grant thy suit.

In Zion mount thy feet shall stay,
And there I'll lodge with thee,
Until the dawn of glory's day,
That shades of sorrow flee.

There will I smell the savour sweet
Of active grace and prayer ;
For Zion is my chosen seat,
I'll rest for ever there.

Accepted off'ring all mature,
My holy hill surround,

Perfum'd with myrrh and incense pure,
That spread their odours round.

No spice so much delights the smell
As incense smoking there :
Still therefore shall my spirit dwell
Within the house of pray'r.

The mount of incense, hill of myrrh,
My grace shall still adorn :
Nor thence will I decamp or stir,
Till glory's nuptial morn ;

Till to my royal courts above
My trumpet call thee up,
To consummate our endless love,
And drink full pleasure's cup.

Verse 7. *Thou art all fair, my love, there is
no spot in thee.*

My love, thou seem'st a loathsome worm :
Yet such thy beauties be,
I spoke but half thy comely form ;
Thou'rt wholly fair in me.

Whole justified in perfect dress ;
Nor justice, nor the law
Can in thy robe of righteousness
Discern the smallest flaw.

Yea, sanctified in ev'ry part,
Thou'rt perfect in design ;
And I judge thee by what thou art
In thy intent and mine.

Fair love, by grace complete in me,
 Beyond all beauteous brides,
 Each spot that ever sullied thee
 My purple vesture hides.

*Verse 8. Come * with me from Lebanon, my
 spouse, with me from Lebanon : look from the
 top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and
 Hermon, from the lions dens, from the moun-
 tains of the leopards.*

Fair consort, did I thee betroth ?
 And get thy heart and hand ?
 I urge thee by thy marriage oath
 Regard thy kind command.

Come, come with me from Lebanon,
 This mount of vanity ;
 Faith's object, things unseen, unknown,
 More suit thy high degree.

Come from this world's bewitching heights,
 O new born soul forget
 The pompous fopp'ries, gay delights,
 Toys of thy native state.

Are mortal pleasures worth thy stay,
 Or dying shades and toys,
 When I invite thy heart away
 To share immortal joys ?

* The words here may be read by way of promise,
Thou shalt come with me.

By faith look from Amana's top,
From Shenir, Hermon fair ;
Thence over Jordan look with hope
Where Zion's glories are.

Let me alone possess thy heart,
Leave ev'ry lion's den,
From these wild leopard-hills depart,
The place of furious men.

All worldly joys are over-weigh'd
With hills of vexing care,
And under gawdy pleasures hide
Some ghastly dang'rous snare.

Let blinded moles in earthen hills
Their mould'ring store pursue,
And like the dust that never fills,
Bid thou mole-hills, adieu.

I'll thee to higher bliss exalt,
For ever with the Lord ;
Come, come thou must, and come thou shalt,
My love's thy drawing cord.

Verse 9. *Thou hast * ravished my heart, my
sister, my spouse, thou hast ravished my heart
with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy
neck.*

Thy fellowship's my fond desire,
Thus su'd by kindly calls ;

* Or taken away my heart.

I ij

Because my vanquish'd heart on fire
Thy beauty's captive falls.

I cannot see with pleasure, love,
Thy feet on mountains roam ;
Nor can I rest, until above
My palace be thy home.

I own, my spouse, and sister dear,
Unsham'd my brotherhood ;
We're doubly sib, our kindred's near
By marriage and by blood.

Thou hast, my father being thine,
In's love a filial part ;
And I'm (thou hast so much of mine)
Scarce master of my heart.

To thee I bear a love intense,
Ev'n to the last degree ;
Thou, in effect, by violence
Has rapt my heart from me.

Of all created beauties brave
E'er fashion'd by my hand,
None like thy comely graces have
My heart at such command.

One glance of thy believing eye,
One chain of thy fair neck,
Part of thy form has ravish'd me ;
How must the whole affect ?

Thy pow'rful faith and love detains
My heart trap'd, yet enlarg'd,

With strong delights and pleasing chains,
I'm conquer'd and o'ercharg'd.

Verse 10. *How fair is thy love, my sister, my
spouse ! how much better is thy love than
wine ! and the smell of thy ointments, than
all thy spices !*

Dear relative, thou in whose veins
My blood and spirit run,
Bound to my heart by various chains,
I'll in thy praise go on.

How fair, how grateful unto me
Are all thy fruits of love !
Thy love beyond compare I see,
And with my heart approve.

My love divine was in thine eye
Prefer'd to richest wine :
And, not to be behind with thee,
I'll speak the praise of thine.

Thy love excels the choicest wine
That cheers man's heart apace ;
For, lo ! this fervent grace of thine
Can God's own heart solace :

No wine of off'rings once pour'd out
Did such acceptance win,
As does thy shining life without,
From burning love within.

All graces sweet thy love attend,
By me acceptance find,

And forth their fragrant odours send,
Like oil of purest kind.

The holy unction pour'd on thee
Yields to my heart a feast,
And smells more * redolent to me
Than spices of the east.

As streams unto their spring reflow,
To me is thy recourse ;
I call thee fair, who made thee so ;
My love's of thine the source.

Thy love's my due, because of old
With men were my delights :
I joy'd in loves I should behold,
Now charm'd I'm with the sights.

Heart-piercing love of ancient rise
Thou didst so much engross ;
The wounds of love made me despise
The torments of thy cross.

*Verse 11. Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the
honey-comb: honey and milk are under thy
tongue, and the smell of thy garments is like
the smell of Lebanon.*

O spouse, thy love with loveliness
Is mixt in word and walk ;
My tongue takes pleasure to express
How I approve thy talk.

* Sweet or savoury.

Drops from my lips distill'd with ease,
To saints more sweetness yield,
Than honey-combs which busy bees
Suck from the flow'ry field.

Both Canaan's blessings glide below
Thy sweet instructive tongue :
For thence do milk and honey flow,
To feed and feast the young.

Thy heart still with thy tongue agrees,
To fill the flowing tide,
And show thou art without disguise,
My fair and fertile bride.

Such is thy wonted holy strain,
Refreshing pleasures load,
Thy language in discourse with men,
And duty towards God.

Cloth'd with my righteousness, thy smell
Is like a field of bliss ;
And hath with this, to deck thee well
A robe of fav'ry grace.

Hence still abroad thy favour flies
In works and practice fair,
Which Lebanon's perfumes outvies,
That scents the circling air.

As there sweet smelling trees and flow'rs
Did, fann'd with gales, abound ;
Thy gospel-walk sweet odours pours
To God and man around.

Verse 12. *A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse : a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.*

My bride's a garden of solace,
Where fruits and flow'rs abound ;
A sacred spot, enclos'd by grace,
Well fenc'd and wall'd around.

From common earth sequestrate quite,
Reserved for my use ;
Preserved also by my might,
From violence and abuse.

A spring diffusing crystal streams,
Does midst the garden swell ;
Shut up from sultry hurtful beams,
And feet would taint the well.

A fountain seal'd for secrecy,
To enhance the worth unseen ;
For shelter and security,
To keep it pure and clean.

My privy seal was stamp'd thereon,
That bliss which heav'n commands ;
Abroad from thence in rills may run,
And streams o'er distant lands.

As me the Father seal'd, to spread
For hungry souls heav'n's food ;
So Zion's springs are seal'd, to shed
On thirsty ground a flood.

Verse 13. *Thy plants are an orchard of pome-*

granates with pleasant fruits, camphire with spikenard. Verse 14. Spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices.

Sweet fruits all flourishing around
My garden well beseems ;
Which cannot prove a barren ground,
Amidst such living streams.

Thy plants of grace do parallel
An orchard rich with trees ;
Sweet to delight the taste and smell,
Fair to salute the eyes.

Here 'granates young, and camphire grow,
Here spice and incense bloom,
'Nard, cinnamon, myrrh, aloes blow,
With gales a rich perfume.

Here num'rous plants with fragrant scent,
And odours most refin'd,
All in their nature excellent,
And various in their kind.

Thy blooming plants of grace display
A heav'nly soil and air ;
And sap divine, which I convey,
Makes all the planting fair.

Wild nature's soil could ne'er produce
Such trees as here do stand ;
For special pleasure, special use,
All planted by my hand.

Verse 15. *A fountain of gardens, a well of
living waters, and streams from Lebanon.*

Thy pleasant garden's blooming plants
All others far excel ;
For heav'n, to thine indulgent, grants
Streams of salvation's well.

This fountain open, full, and nigh,
Makes plants their vigour yield ;
Yea, neighb'ring gardens does supply,
And each adjacent field.

Thy graces frank their juice convey,
Not dript as shallow pails ;
But living springs, that night and day,
Flow to refresh the vales.

Such is thy lib'ral flowing mine :
Nor are, with penury,
Thy blessings to thy banks confin'd,
But common as the sea.

My quick'ning Spirit, freely shed,
That Zion's banks may flow.
The river is, whose streams do glad,
And makes the planting grow.

The well of water here runs o'er,
The current to maintain :
With hasty course to endless glore,
As rivers to the main.

Not Jordan swell'd from Lebanon,
So stoutly rolls his tide ;

As crystal rivers from the throne
Thro' Zion's valleys glide.

Thy rills of grace to me return,
And own their springs in me ;
As garden streams from thence must run,
With tribute to the sea.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 16. *Awake, O north wind, and come,
thou south ; blow upon my garden, that the
spices thereof may flow out : let my beloved
come into his garden, and eat his pleasant
fruits.*

In ample praise, my King, I hear
Makes worthless me his theme ;
But with a stunn'd, astonish'd ear,
I sink to dust for shame.

What humbling wonders he performs !
On mites his picture draws ;
Then makes the despicable worms
His subject of applause.

Lord, if I be a garden fair,
On thee the praise must land :
For all my verdant graces were
Plants of thy mighty hand.

Thy spicy fruits thou dost approve,
And deign'st thus to commend,

Are blossoms of thy fruitful love,
And on thy breath depend.

They quickly languish, fade, and die ;
They cease to bud or flow,
And sapless, scentless, fruitless, lie,
Unless thy Spirit blow.

Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Excite the spicy vale ;
Blow on this garden of perfume
A rousing, quick'ning gale.

On Zion's sons, O Sp'rit divine,
Pour grace and gifts abroad ;
Make pastors by perfumes of thine
A favour sweet to God.

Sharp gales from chilling north command,
To rouse the seeds of grace :
Then warming south's soft wings expand,
Till spices flow apace.

From ev'ry point, O mighty winds,
Blow a new Pentecost :
Let blinded atheistic minds
Know there's a Holy Ghost.

O let my best beloved come,
And spread his area broad,
With choicest fruits of rich perfume,
Most grateful to my God.

My garden's his, in all its views,
The life, the sap, the root ;

The product whole to him accrues,
From whom is all the fruit.

Come, else the banquet cannot stand;
Come, bring thy pleasing treat,
The fruits of thy laborious hand,
And toil with bloody sweat.

Or shorter, thus :

Am I the garden heav'n can own,
Where living waters flow,
As crystal rivers from the throne
To make the planting grow ?

O heav'nly wind awake, and come,
Blow all thy gracious gales
On this my garden of perfume,
Else all its favour fails.

O holy Spirit, from above
My with'ring heart inspire,
And raise, by various forms of love,
As various wants require.

Let northern breezes fill my sails
With sharp convincing grace :
Then from the south refreshing gales
Resume their joyful place.

Make all the spices flow abroad,
As graces active here,
To entertain my Lord and God,
Faith, love, and joy appear.

Let my belov'd his presence sweet
Now to his garden grant ;
To taste his pleasant fruits, and eat
What he himself did plant.

CHAP. V.

Christ awaketh the Church with his Calling—The Church, having a Taste of Christ's Love, is sick of Love—A Description of Christ by his Graces.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 1. *I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse ; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice, I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey, I have drunk my wine with my milk : eat, O friends, drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved.*

My love, in answer to thy pray'r,
I'm here at thy request ;
And ready both to give and share
The pleasure of the feast.

I'm come, my spouse and sister dear,
I'm to my garden come,
To gather up my spice and myrrh ;
I'm pleas'd with this perfume.

My graces relish like a feast
Of honey, milk, and wine ;
I make myself a welcome guest,
The fruits are mine and thine.

Eat, drink, O friends whom I approve,
I also welcome you ;
Yea, drink abundance of my love,
Full freedom I allow.

Your fainting spirits here refresh,
 With plenty spread abroad,
 The grace and love, the blood and flesh
 Of your incarnate God.

Not elect angels ever share
 Such strange and matchless food ;
 They feast on their Creator's care,
 Not your Redeemer's blood.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

*Verse 2. I sleep but my heart waketh : it is
 the voice of my beloved that knocketh, say-
 ing, Open to me my sister, my love, my dove,
 my undefiled : for my head is wet with
 dew, and my locks with the drops of the
 night.*

The heart of Jesus kind I see
 But mine ungrateful fails ;
 Two nature's are at odds in me,
 And oft the worst prevails.

Both sleeping flesh I have, that rests
 In sloth, unto my shame ;
 And waking grace, that still protests
 Against the lazy frame.

Hence, though I sleep, I at my heart
 Some inward knocking hear ;
 'Tis Jesus' voice, his loving dart
 Thus wounds my waking ear.

- " Come, open, my unspotted dove,
 " Thy heart I bolted find ;
" Awake, my sister ; rise, my love,
 " Let in thy dearest friend.
" Wrath's midnight show'r bedew'd my locks,
 " Storms on my head did blow ;
" Wilt thou unkindly slight my knocks,
 " Who suffer'd for thee so ;
" And now stand waiting patiently
 " To give the purchas'd good,
" At present ready to apply
 " The blessings of my blood ?"

*Verse 3. I have put off my coat, how shall I
put it on ? I have washed my feet, how shall
I defile them ?*

When thus in most endearing terms
 Kind Jesus knock'd and cry'd,
My heart resisting heav'nly charms,
 On bed of sloth reply'd :

- " My clothes are off, my nap is sweet,
 " How shall I rise undrest ?
" How shall I stain my new-wash'd feet ?
 " Excuse me, let me rest."

My non-admission of his grace,
 His holy Spirit vex'd ;
My answer for my laziness
 Was but a vile pretext.

Verse 4. *My beloved put in his hand by the
hole of the door, and my bowels were mov-
ed * for him.*

When I so shamefully refus'd
Access to my belov'd,
Another kindly way he us'd,
Which my affections mov'd.

Tho' I his word did basely flight,
Yet, e'er I was aware,
His spirit, by resistless might,
Did kindly draw the bar.

He, to unbolt the door, put in
His gracious hand of pow'r:
Then did his love upbraid my sin,
And melt my bowels fore.

Verse 5. *I rose to open to my beloved, and
my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fin-
gers with sweet-smelling myrrh, upon the
handles of the lock.*

How long he stood, how oft he knock'd,
How patient, who can tell?
What drops of grace on th' entry lock'd,
From his sweet fingers fell!

At length I rose from off my bed,
My drowsy bed of sloth,

* Or, in me.

To open to my spouse who had
My solemn marriage-oath.

Soon by the wet-lock handles were
My fingers moisten'd much,
And sweetly dropt with oil and myrrh,
Left by his melting touch.

His quick'ning sp'rit heart fetters broke,
And heal'd my dull disease ;
As dropping oil that makes the lock
Soon yield, and ope with ease.

Verse 6. I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone : my heart failed when he spake : I sought him, but I could not find him ; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

I open'd straight to my belov'd,
Expecting his embrace ;
But, ah ! from thence he had remov'd,
And justly hid his face.

Mine aching heart did not collect
His words that gave the wound,
And, wailing sore my bale neglect,
Away my spirit swoon'd.

With great perplexity I sought,
But him I could not find ;
I call'd, but, ah ! no answer got
To ease my restless mind.

So much my former slothfulness
 To present damage turn'd ;
 In grief I doubled mine address,
 Yet still his absence mourn'd.

Verse 7. The watchmen that went about the city, found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the wall took away my vail from me.

When I, in private means, with care
 Had fought, but fought in vain ;
 I try'd his public courts, but there,
 Redoubled was my pain.

Kind pastors formerly condol'd
 My case with sympathy ;
 But now I met with such as rul'd
 With force and cruelty *.

Untender watchmen, on their rounds,
 In open streets me got,
 Afflicted me with many wounds,
 And without mercy smote.

They hurt my name, my head, my crown,
 And sore reproach'd my zeal ;
 Wall-keepers rude, thus beat me down,
 And tore away my vail.

My fair profession they defam'd,
 Nor did my failings hide ;

* Ezck. xxxiv. 4.

A strolling harlot I was nam'd,
And not a loving bride.

Verse 8. *I charge ye, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.*

O Salem's race, when watchmen wound,
Won't ye more favour shew?
What pity can't with them be found,
May I expect with you?

I want my soul's beloved one,
None else can give me ease;
I'm sick of love; Oh! is there none
To tell him my disease?

His absence from my soul is death;
O, if ye find his grace,
I charge you with my dying breath,
To represent my case,

THE COMPANIONS WORDS.

Verse 9. *What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? what is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?*

Fair lover, thou who dost to us
Thy moaning speech direct,
Whose shining beauteous carriage thus
Commands our high respect;

The object does thy love engage;
 We judge by viewing thee,
 Must surely be some personage
 Of very high degree.

What's thy belov'd? pray let us know,
 For whom thou art so sad,
 And giv'st such solemn charge, as tho'
 He not an equal had.

Thou fairest beauty, can't thou see
 His match when he removes?
 Pray what alluring charms has he
 Beyond all other loves?

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 10. *My beloved is white and ruddy, the
 chiefest * among ten thousands.*

If why I love my Jesus so,
 The wond'ring world inquire;
 My grounds are such as, did they know,
 Their hearts would also fire.

O there is no belov'd like mine!
 He's white and ruddy both;
 All human beauties, all divine
 His glorious person clothe.

White in his natures both descry'd,
 From ev'ry blemish free;

* Or, standard-bearer.

And ruddy, in his garments dy'd
With blood he shed for me.

Was he not red but only white,
The lily not the rose,
He might suffice the angel's sight ;
But I am none of those.

Was he not white but only red,
A suff'rer for his sin,
His blood would rest upon his head,
Nor could I joy therein.

But here's my joy and confidence,
Both mixt I see by faith,
The whiteness of his innocence,
The redness of his death.

Since for my sin he bore disgrace,
Who yet from sin was free ;
This makes his white and ruddy face
A beauty meet for me.

The chief of chiefs beyond compare,
Immanuel God-man,
Among ten thousand ensigns fair,
Triumphant leads the van.

To him the heav'ns their homage bring,
To him celestial throngs,
Ten thousand saints and angels sing,
With rapture on their tongues.

Created wisdom cannot scan
The root of Jesse's rod,

Nor speak the greatness of the man,
The grandeur of the God.

Verse 11. *His head is as the most fine gold,
his locks are bushy, and as black as a raven.*

His head which once was crown'd with thorns
And where all wisdom dwells,
A crown of glory bright adorns,
Which finest gold excels.

So firm, so bright, so eminent,
And durable for ay,
Is his extensive government,
And universal sway.

Black as a rav'n's, his curled hair
And bushy locks; a mark
That still his age is fresh and fair,
His counsels deep and dark.

Beauties of youth and age agree
To deck his awful sway;
Fair youth without inconstancy,
Full age without decay.

Verse 12. *His eyes are as the eyes of doves
by the rivers of waters washed with milk,
and * fitly set.*

* Heb. *Setting in fulness*; i. e. Fitly placed, and set as a precious stone in the foil of a ring.

His dove-like eyes most bright appear
Like these the brooks have wet,
Or milky streams have moist'ned clear,
Like diamonds fitly set.

These sparkling eyes with piercing sight
O'ersee the shades of death ;
Inspecting secrets of the night,
And searching hell beneath.

He with his fix'd and steady eyes
Beholding distant parts,
Both deeps divine of counsel spies,
And deeps of human hearts.

Behold both loftiness and love
In his omniscient eye ;
The eagle temper'd with the dove,
With meekness, majesty.

Verse 13. *His cheeks are as a bed of spices,
as * sweet flowers : his lips like lilies, drop-
ping sweet smelling myrrh.*

His rosy cheeks a bed of flow'rs
Still tow'ring up perfume ;
Or spices that with summer-show'rs ;
Their sweetest scent resume.

These very cheeks he once resign'd
To them that pluck'd the hair,
Most sweetly to th' enlighten'd mind
Refreshing virtue share.

* Towers of perfume.

His lips, resembling lily-blooms,
 Drop sav'ry words of grace,
 Like oil of myrrh with fine perfumes,
 To suit a fainting case.

The balmy drops his lips afford,
 Give life to sons of death:
 The vital savour of his word
 Restores expiring breath.

*Verse 14. His hands are as gold rings set
 with the beryl. * his belly is as bright ivory
 overlaid with sapphires.*

His hands are fairer to behold,
 Tho' once nail'd to the tree,
 Than beryls set in rings of gold;
 So rich in bounty's he.

His operations mighty, vast,
 No mortal understands;
 For all the works of God have pass'd
 Thro' these his precious hands.

No iv'ry fine so bright is found,
 With sapphires overlaid;
 As bowels of compassion round
 Do gild his pierced side.

The love about his heart that twines
 Still firm without decay,
 In instances unnumber'd shines
 With sparkling bright array.

* Or bowels, the same words be in verse 4.

Verse 15. *His legs are as pillars of marble,
set upon sockets of fine go'd: his coun-
tenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the ce-
dars.*

His legs like marble-pillars stand
O golden sockets fine;
So firm's the throne of his command,
So ev'n his paths divine.

His stately steps, his steady way,
His stable kingdom proves
He's solid gold, not mould'ring clay
Like fading mortal loves.

His countenance more lofty is
Than Lebanon by far,
More excellent than all its trees
And stately cedars are.

So high, so eminent is he,
That in his person shine
The glories of the Deity,
With majesty divine.

Verse 16. *His mouth is most sweet: yea * he
is altogether lovely.*—

Lo, his blest mouth that once did taste
The bitter gall for me,

* He is all desires.

With charms divinely sweet is grac'd,
Unto the last degree.

Grace pour'd into his lips alway
Does thence so sweetly run ;
They share the Father's grace for ay
Who do but kiss the Son.

His mouth a triple heav'n imports
A word, a smile, a kiss ;
A triple doom to dash their sports
Whose lips profane the bliss.

How hard, tho' sweet, this limning task !
I faint, I must succumb ;
He is (if what he is, you ask)
All over loves in sum.

How weak my tongue his glory sings,
Which drowns seraphic art ;
He's all desirable things,
And charms in ev'ry part.

Adoring heav'ns his name confess
The infinite unknown,
And in created human dress
The uncreated One.

Their tongues that do his glory speak,
In loud and lofty lays,
For higher notes are still to seek,
And never reach his praise.

I wrong his name with words so faint,
Nor half his worth declare :

Can finite pencils ever paint
The infinitely fair?

—*This is my beloved, this is my friend, O
daughters of Jerusalem.*

My union to his person dear,
Bears such substantial bliss;
All mortal loves and friendship here,
Are but the shade of this.

Whatever sweet relations be
Among creatures great or small,
There's infinite disparity
Between him and them all.

Yet how much in himself he is,
So much is he to me:
For he is mine, and I am his,
And evermore shall be.

The more I hold his glory forth,
Or would his name unfold;
The more incomparable worth
I still in him behold.

Now this, O Salem's progeny,
This is my love, my friend;
Search heav'n and earth, but sure am I,
His match you'll never find.

Your question far exceeds my reach,
What's my lov'd? said ye:
His praise defeats my fault'ring speech;
But (pray you) come and see.

CHAP. VI.

The Church professeth her faith in Christ—Christ sheweth the Graces of the Church, and his Love towards her.

THE COMPANIONS WORDS.

Verse 1. *Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved gone aside? that we may seek him with thee.*

SUCH glorious things are told by thee
About thy matchless mate;
His seekers too we fain would be,
And share thy happy state.

Thy holy walk and talk is such,
Thy countenance so fair,
We think whom thou commend'st so much,
Must be beyond compare.

O where is thy beloved gone,
Thou fairest of thy kind,
So happy in that glorious one
On whom thou sett'st thy mind?

Where he is gone? pray let us know
What place frequents he most?
That we in quest of him may go,
Nor find our travel lost.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verſe 2. *My beloved has gone down into his garden, to the beds of ſpices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.*

Lo, my belov'd tho' he enthron'd
In glory keeps his place,
Yet here below is to be found
In gardens of his grace.

He plants, he waters ev'ry tree,
His bleſſing makes them ſpring ;
Then gladly comes he down to ſee
What rich increaſe they bring.

He walks among the ſpicy beds,
Where aromatics flow ;
And in his young plantation feeds,
Where fruits delicious grow.

He gathers there his choſen crop
Of lilies, without toil ;
And, when full ripe, he picks them up
To deck his fairer foil.

Th' aſſemblies of his growing ſaints
Are ſtill his chief repair :
Whoe'er his gracious preſence wants,
May ſeek with ſucceſs there.

Verſe 3. *I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine : he feedeth among the lilies *.*

* See chap. ii. 16. this more largely explained.

Tho' now my Lord from me abscond,
Yet judge him not unkind :
In's temple oft I have him found,
And hope again to find.

And tho' from me to sense he hides,
My faith holds fast his name ;
Mine int'rest in him firm abides,
I will not quit my claim.

He has my warmest love engross'd,
And I possess his heart ;
His love and mine unite, I boast
Nor death nor hell can part.

The bond of love so firm abides,
Ev'n in the darkest day,
That tho' behind the shade he hides,
He's never far away.

Tho' he his noblest table spreads,
Among his flow'rs above ;
Yet here amidst his lily-beds
He keeps his feasts of love.

The ordinances of his grace
Are fields of his repair :
There I have seen his glorious face,
And you may see him there.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 4. *Thou art beautiful, O my love, as*

*Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an
army with banners.*

How comely is the bride I see,
Who thus mine absence wail'd,
And kindly thought and spoke of me,
Ev'n when my face was wail'd !

Thy zeal for me when I withdrew
I highly must approve ;
And now return to thee to show
My great respect and love.

I did forgive, and have forgot,
All thine infirmities :
Thy holy soul, from sin remote,
Is beauteous in mine eyes.

More fair thou art, my lovely prey,
More comely in my sight,
Than ever Tirzah once so gay,
Or Salem once so bright.

Thine aspect's awful majesty
Does strike thy foes with fear ;
As armies do, when banners fly,
And martial flags appear.

How does thine armour glitt'ring bright
Their frightened spirits quell ?
The weapons of thy warlike might
Defy the gates of hell.

Verse 5. *Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me * :—*

Small wonder that thy foes must bow
When faith does keep the field;
For, lo! I am thy captive too,
And kindly forc'd to yield.

Thy charming eyes of faith and love,
That make myself their prize,
Have overcome me; pray remove
And turn away thine eyes.

They pow'rfully my heart detain,
My kindly passions fill;
Yet no unwilling victory gain,
But win me to thy will.

Thy daring, gallant arms of grace,
Have o'er me such a sway;
I'm conquer'd with their kind embrace;
And cannot say thee nay.

Thy piercing eyes, that ravish me,
Command me as they list:
My spirit's aiding force in thee,
Is pow'r I can't resist.

Cease, wrestling Jacob, let me go,
My love, let me alone;
If not, except I bless thee; lo!
My blessing thou hast won.

* See more on this subject, chap. iii. 4. and. iv. 9.

for

—* Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. Verse 6. Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth witness and there is not one barren among them. Verse 7. As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.

Thy slothful carriage toward me
At our first interview,

Tho' I observ'd with jealousy,
And thereupon withdrew.

Yet never judge thy change of frame,
My heart from thine could move,
For still, like solid rocks, the same
Is my unshaken love.

Thy praise I founded in thine ears,
E'er thou wast so unkind;
And now indulge no faithless fears,
As if I chang'd my mind.

For to evince the love I bore,
Does still the same remain,
I now commend thee as before,
And in the former strain.

Gay, like a comely flock of goats,
On Gilead's stately height,
Is thine adorning hair, that notes
Thy conversation bright.

* See these words more largely explained, chap. iv. 1, 2, 3.

No 'broider'd ornamental hair,
That trims up mortal clay,
Can parallel the heav'nly air
Of thy well-order'd way.

Thy teeth, the bread of life that eat,
And feed upon my flesh,
Are acts of faith in number great,
In nature fair and fresh.

Thine active zeal, yet mild, does keep
A just equality,
Like ev'nly rounded flocks of sheep
New pass'd the shearer's eye.

Thy purity exceeds their fleece
Wash'd in the crystal flood;
Thy fruits of holiness and peace
Outvy their num'rous brood.

There does not in the flock appear
One barren, fruitless womb:
But all by twins their offspring bear,
And bring them bleating home.

Like 'granates halv'd, thy temples fair
Within thy locks appear;
While ruddy blushes deck thy pray'r,
When none but God doth hear.

Thou modest hid'st thy rosy cheeks,
When sins with shame them flush:
Yet thro' the mask, thy mein detects
Thy beauteous, holy blush.

Verse 8. *There are threescore queens, and four-score concubines, and virgins without number.* Verse 9. *My dove, my undefiled, is but one : she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her : the daughters saw her, and blessed her : yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.*

Thy song gave me the chiefest name
Among ten thousand heirs,
And thee the fairest I proclaim
Among ten thousand fairs.

Queens, concubines, and virgins are
Unnumber'd, whom they call
Bright dazzling beauties, charming fair ;
But thou excel'st them all.

Most holy souls, of high descent,
Are beauties most renown'd :
The righteous is more excellent
Than all his neighbours round.

My spotless dove as one I view,
Yea, all in one to me ;
Her mother-church's darling too,
And choicest progeny.

The daughters, her professing friends,
Beheld her beauty great ;
And straight admir'd her in their minds,
And blest'd her in the gate.

Yea, queens and damsels more renown'd,
 Did all to her give place,
 And with extolling praises crown'd
 Her comely shining grace.

Verse 1c. *Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?*

- " Who's this, said they, so brightly springs,
 " Like to the morning ray,
 " That cleaves night shades with silver wings,
 " To haste the golden day?
- " Much fairer than the gilded moon
 " Her graces shine in dress,
 " And clearer than the sun at noon,
 " Her spotless righteousness.
- " Behold in love to brats forlorn,
 " What wonders heav'n performs!
 " That does with stateliness adorn
 " Defil'd and loathsome worms.
- " By armour which her captain lends,
 " Until her warfare close;
 " She's render'd helpful to her friends,
 " And hurtful to her foes.
- " Yea, while she does her rank maintain,
 " And cast her airs abroad,
 " Her grace is awful toward men,
 " And pow'rtul toward God."

Verse 11. *I went down into the garden of nuts,
to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whe-
ther the vine flourished, and the pomegranates
budded.*

With friendly mind I hid my face,
Yet went not far away ;
Retiring but a little space,
My orchard to survey.

I went but down to see anew
My garden of sweet nuts,
Within the shady grove, and view
The pleasant valley-fruits :

To notice round my labour'd plain,
If all was very good ;
If tender vines produc'd their grain,
And pomegranates their bud :

If all the water'd flow'ry plains
Along the verdant field,
Did fruits, proportion'd to my pains,
Ev'n in my absence yield.

Into my heart what cheerfulness
And pleasure did it bring,
To see the early buds of grace
And blossoms of the spring ?

I ravish'd saw my beauteous bride
Lament my absence sore ;
Nor could myself in thickets hide
From her a moment more.

Verse 12. *Or ever I was aware, my soul* made
me like the chariots of Amminadib.*

Such had my bride's inviting frame
Ev'n in my absence been ;
No longer could I hide the flame
Of my affections keen.

Ravish'd, e'er in effect I knew,
My bowels did me move ;
Into her praying arms I flew
On speedy wings of love.

Sweet rapt'rous passion rose in me,
But most divine in mode ;
As far as rapture can agree,
Or passion to a God.

My fond affections vehement,
In ways of grace divine,
All towards her intensely bent,
Pursu'd their love-design.

My willing people I provide
Bright graces, princely charms :
And in these fiery chariots ride
With speed into their arms.

Oil'd wheels of faith and warm desire
That make myself their chase,
Fetch from mine altar still more fire
Of sweet surprising grace.

* Or, set me on the chariots of my princely willing people.

No chariot of Amminadib,
However swift or bright,
The heav'nly rapture can describe
Of love's delicious flight.

So rapid oft, tho' never rash,
The motions of my grace,
'Tween heav'n and earth, are like a flash
Of lightning in a trice.

Verse 13. *Return, return, O Shulamite, re-
turn, return, that we may look upon thee :
what will ye see in the Shulamite ? as it were
the company of two armies.*

Love, in my absence short, wast thou
With sin and grief oppress'd ?
O blame thy faithless heart, and now
Return unto thy rest.

With confidence, and without fear
Thy heav'nly Husband face,
Who wills thee boldly to appear
Before his throne of grace.

The heav'ns unite their voice with mine,
Thy heart return to move :
Allow thyself no more to whine,
Suspicious of my love.

Return, O drooping Shulamite,
In haste return ; for we
Heav'ns Trinity and hosts unite
With joy to welcome thee.

We want to see thee at his call,
Whose peace thy name adorns ;
He with his saints and angels all
Will joy at thy returns.

What in the feeble Shulamite,
What's to be seen ? (you'll say).
Is struggling grace a goodly fight,
When sin regains the day ?

Nay, lo ! my bride (tho' apt she be
Herself to under-rate)
I on the field of battle see,
In warlike pomp and state.

Behold two armies in her camp,
The doubled hosts of God ;
Her lovers charm, her haters damp,
Her happy triumph bode.

CHAP. VII.

A farther description of the Church's Graces—The Church professeth her Faith and Desires.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 1. *How beautiful are thy feet with shoes,
O prince's daughter ! the joints of thy thighs
are like jewels, the work of the hand of a cunning
workman.*

FAIR bride, thy beauties I'll extol
So lovely in my fight :
For I my new creation whole
Still view with great delight.

How noble is thy high descent,
Not sordid from the earth !
How does thy gesture document
Thy new and heav'nly birth !

O princels of the royal race !
Thy feet with golden shoes,
Do sparkle, while thy walk, thro' grace,
Becomes the gospel-news.

The steps of thy affections clean,
And conversation fair,
Display a heav'nly, royal mien,
A sweet and stately air.

The joints, that strength and motion do
To thy right steps impart,
Like orient jewels burnish'd new
Speak holy curious art.

Thro' thy fair port in sacred things
 Thy joints as gems appear ;
 While holy principles and springs
 Thy course of duty steer.

*Verse 2. Thy navel is like a round goblet,
 which wanteth not liquor, thy belly is like
 an heap of wheat set about with lilies.*

As is thy sparkling bright array,
 Form'd to thy pedigree ;
 So with thy shining outward way
 Thine inward shapes agree.

A wretched infant once thou wast,
 To open field cast out,
 From native blood and stains unwash'd
 Nor was thy navel cut.

But now, how neat's thy gracious form,
 Fed by a glorious spring !
 Since grace transform'd the loathsome worm,
 To quite another thing.

Thy infant brood to ripeness grows
 Which thy kind bowels feed,
 Like to a bowl that overflows
 With liquor for their need.

My spirit is (to fill thy cup,
 And give thee rich increase)
 A well of water springing up
 In thee to endless bliss.

Thy fruitful womb a heap of wheat

* Assimilates in mode ;

Thy royal marriage makes thee meet

For bearing fruit to God.

Fruit deck'd around with fleurs-de-luce,

Each grace of active vent ;

A product rich of fruit for use,

With flow'rs for ornament.

Fair Zion's fertile womb has meat

For babes, her lily-brood ;

And yields them plenty store of wheat,

When ripe for solid food.

Verse 3. *Thy two breasts are like two young
roes that are twins †.*

Thy breasts of love resemble roes

That seem delightful twins ;

Such equal care to feed thou shows,

Thy babes in sacred inns.

Thou op'nest frank a twofold breast,

Two test'ments and two seals,

Which to thy children yield a feast

Of milk for daily meals.

Thine equal breasts delightful feed

With milk of sweet solace,

In just proportion to the need

Of all the babes of grace.

* Resembles.

† See chap. iv. 5.

My children dear nurs'd at thy side
 Thy kindly bowels show,
 And plainly prove my beauteous bride
 A fruitful mother too.

Verse 4. * *Thy neck is as a tower of ivory,
 thine eyes like the fish pools of Heshbon, by
 the gate of B thabbim: thy nose is as the
 tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Da-
 mascus.*

Thy neck of precious faith excels
 The fairest iv'ry tower;
 It holds the glorious head, and dwells
 Upon the rock of power.

Rais'd and conspicuous, it attracts
 All eyes, and wonder breeds;
 It stands renown'd for valiant acts,
 For strange and mighty deeds.

No iv'ry whiter than the swan
 Can match thy precious faith;
 No tow'r with equal boldness can
 Defy the gates of death.

Thine eyes like Heshbon's clear fish pools
 Near by Baturabbim's gate,
 Enlighten'd brightly, twit the fools,
 That hug blind nature's state.

More clear than any silver brook,
 Thine eyes of knowledge trace

* See chap. iv. 4.

Hid myst'ries in the sacred book,
Unfathom'd deeps of grace.

But all conceal'd this glory lies
From haughty sons of pride,
Whose boasted wit does blind the eyes,
And heav'nly light deride.

Thy nose of quick sagacity
Like Leb'non's tower doth rise,
And with bold look Damascus spy,
To face thine enemies.

Because they strong and subtile are,
Thou keep'st the frontier-tow'r;
To smell their policy afar,
And watch against their pow'r.

Verse 5. Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,
and the hair of thine head like purple.—*

Thy heav'nly mind intelligent
Excels the wise on earth,
While strangers to thy high descent,
And to thy heav'nly birth.

Thy lofty head and stately brow
Looks to the heav'ns above,
And scornful smiles on all below,
As worthless of thy love.

Thy helmet and thy head-piece is
Hope built on precious blood :

Or, Crimson.

High is thy head extoll'd by this
'Bove ev'ry foe and flood.

Higher by far than Carmel top,
The walls of heav'n to scale ;
When thine advent'rous soaring hope
Takes place within the vail.

Th' excellency of Carmel high
Can't match thy crimson head ;
Its hairs are of a purple dye
Which once thy Lord did bleed.

Each pin which holds thy hair in drefs,
Each glance from grace within,
Speaks universal stateliness ;
Not one disorder'd pin.

Each holy air around thy face
Does so thy beauty 'hance,
A lustre shines in ev'ry grace,
A charm in ev'ry glance.

*—The king is * held in the galleries.*

To prove the beauty ravishing
And lustre of thy drefs ;
How does it captivate the king,
And deep his heart impress !

Jesus the King of kings renown'd
Is held within thine arms,

* Or, bound.

In gall'ries of his grace, and bound
A captive to thy charms.

The glorious and majestic One,
Whom death could ne'er detain
Is by thy powerful graces won,
And ty'd as with a chain.

Strange loveliness it is that sways
The regent of the skies!
Constraining him to stay and gaze;
It so attracts his eyes.

Bold with the King are faith's efforts;
Bless'd they the conquest share!
Who win him to his sacred courts,
And then can hold him there.

Such is the glory of his grace,
He boasts to be o'ercome;
And feasts the victor with solace,
Who fought but for a crumb.

Verse 6. * *How fair and how pleasant art
thou, O love, for delights.*

O love no words can specify
Thy forms of loveliness;
Delights of diverse kinds in thee
Are more than I express.

No equal for delights hast thou,
No match on earth below:

* Or, How art thou made fair.

N

I call thee fair and pleasant too,
Because I made thee so.

My love, thy dress without how fair !
Within how sweet to me !

My righteousness and graces are
The robes I made for thee.

My lab'ring life was spent throughout
The marriage suit to spin,
That makes my bride all fair without,
All glorious too within.

*Verse 7. This thy stature is like to a palm tree,
and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.*

The sweet proportion I observe
Of graces fair in thee ;
None from their proper station swerve,
But act harmoniously.

Thy stature, like the palm-tree firm,
Is stately, straight, and tall :
No burden can the flourish harm,
No years the growth enthrall.

Thy breast of love to me and mine,
Square to the gospel plan ;
Cheer, like the clusters full of wine
The heart of God and man.

*Verse 8. I said, I will go up to the palm tree,
I will take hold of the boughs thereof : now*

also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples.

" I will, said I, this palm-tree climb,

" This lovely walk approve,

" And to my bride in holy trim

" I'll manifest my love *.

" I'll apprehend by saving grace,

" As I decreed of old,

" Her little boughs, her tender race,

" And never quit the hold."

Lo! heav'n shall then thy breasts inspire,

As clusters fill'd with wine ;

My presence shall thy graces fire,

To thy content and mine.

The breath of life thy nostrils blow,

Shall with sweet scent abound,

No sav'ry apples e'er could throw

Such grateful odours round.

Verse 9. *And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine (for † my beloved), that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of ‡ those that are asleep to speak.*

Thy palate drench'd with holy love

Shall drop the richest wine ;

* John xvi. 21.

† A parenthesis of the bride's, say some.

‡ Or, the ancient.

So sweet thy pray'rs and praise shall prove
A feast to me and mine.

I'll taste thy cheer, and speak it good,
For thou't in upright ways
Derive it from my plenitude,
Devote it to my praise.

Drops from the living vine that stream,
With sweetness down will go;
To make thy cold affections flame,
Thy wither'd graces grow.

My spirit's gen'rous wine will make
The old renew their days,
The dead to live, the dull to wake,
The dumb to speak my praise.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 10. *I am my beloved's, and his desire is
towards me.*

Lo! how my loving lord commends
Base me, who blush to hear,
And blood of grapes from Eschol sends,
My drooping heart to cheer.

I'm not mine own, but his I'll be,
Whose love my heart doth fire,
And thus has fix'd on worthless me
His conjugal desire.

What line can this love-ocean sound!
What tongue its measure tell!

Whose height immense, and depth profound,
Won heav'n, and vanquish'd hell.

*Verse 11. Come, my beloved, let us go forth in-
to the field, let us lodge in the villages.*

Come, dearest love, let us retire
From this vain earth's annoy;
That undisturb'd communion near
We may alone enjoy.

We'll choose some secret, lonely place,
To vent our joys the more;
And forage in the field of grace,
Until we feast in glore.

Thy company such hidden trains
Of consolation brings:
That, pois'd with this, my soul disdains
The pomp of earthly kings.

In rural villages below,
Come let us lodge all night,
Till dusky shades of sin and woe
Give place to glory's light.

*Verse 12. Let us go up early to the vine-
yards, let us see if the vine flourish, whether
the tender grape appear, and the pomegra-
nates bud forth: there will I give thee my
loves.*

Unto the vineyards of thy grace,
Come let us early go;

To see in his retiring place,
If all the planting grow.

Come visit, Lord, thy sacred ground,
See how thy nurs'ries bear,
If vines, and grapes, and 'granates round,
Their flow'ry raiment wear.

O come along, thy succour grant,
While I thy fruits-review ;
For at thy pleasure ev'ry plant
Its verdure will renew.

The vines their blossom will resume,
The tender grapes revive ;
See how the 'granates then will bloom,
And all the graces thrive.

In these retirements while I live,
Thy presence I'll improve ;
And joyful there I will thee give
The tokens of my love.

In nearness sweet with thee apart
I'll dash vain loves with ire,
And wholly offer thee my heart,
In flames of holy fire.

*Verse 13. The mandrakes give a smell, and at
our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits,
new and old, which I have laid up for thee,
O my beloved.*

Here Lord, for thee the garden's dress'd,
For thee the feast is spread :

Come, then, vouchsafe with me to rest,
Below the verdant shade.

The mandrakes here, love-fruits and flow'rs,
Do spread their odours round ;
And at our very gates sweet stores
And fruits of grace are found.

Embracing faith is here, to meet
My Lord when he appears ;
Repentance here to wash his feet
With floods of joyful tears.

Love, joy, and all the heav'nly train,
Of fruits with new increase,
Laid up in store to entertain
The God of all my grace.

Come thou, to whom I all devote,
O my beloved Lord ;
Lo, all that's from thy fulness got
Is for thy glory stor'd.

'Tis thine to plant, to prune, and dress ;
Thou mak'st the garden grow :
In thee my all I still possess,
To thee my all I owe.

CHAP. VIII.

The Love of the Church to Christ—The Vehemency of Love—The Calling of the Gentiles—The Church Prayeth for Christ's coming.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 1. *O that thou wert as my brother that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee, yea, * I should not be despised.*

So sweet I find thy heav'nly charms,
Still more and more I bode;
And long to clasp within mine arms
A whole incarnate God.

O would thou as my brother wert,
My mother's sucking child!
I'd kiss and hug thee in my heart,
And should not be revil'd.

Yea, in the op'nest, patent place,
Without a blush thro' shame,
I would with joyful arms embrace
The babe of Bethlehem.

Hell could reproach thy church of old,
That lov'd a child unborn:

* *Heb.* They shall not despise me.

But now the Son is giv'n, I'm bold
To love, and fear no scorn.

To him I'll give the highest room,
And joy beneath his shade,
That deign'd to bless the virgin's womb,
And human nature wed.

My God's my brother now in dress ;
And if he would allow't,
Tho' hell should mock my fond cares,
I'd openly avow't.

*Verse 2. I would lead thee, and bring thee in-
to my mother's house, who would instruct
me ; I would cause thee to drink of the spiced
wine, and of the juice of my pomegranates.*

I would attend and usher thee
Into my mother's home ;
Then would her courts instructive be,
For light with pow'r would come.

Her children would thy glory see,
Did they thy presence share ;
And I for entertaining thee,
Would bring my choicest fare.

To spiced wine with 'granates juice,
I would thee welcome make ;
And greatly would my heart rejoice,
Wer't better for thy sake.

Well were the feast bestow'd on thee ;
For thine my graces are,

Who, when thou com'st to feed with me,
Dost bring along the fare.

Verse 3. *His left hand * should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me †.*

Lo, he descending from above,
In answer to my pray'r,
Enfolds me in his arms of love,
To show his tender care.

His left hand for my support he
Beneath my head does place ;
Then for my comfort lends he me
His right hand's soft embrace.

His presence brings a silver show'r
Of blessings from above ;
I'm closely guarded with his pow'r,
And girded with his love.

For my solace 'gainst sin and death,
I feel his glad'ning charms ;
And, for my safety, underneath
His everlasting arms.

O welcome, blest, and happy hour,
When he unveils his face :
I'm then supported by his pow'r,
Comforted by his grace.

Verse 4. † *I charge you, O daughters of Je-*

* Or rather is.

† See Chap. ii. 6.

‡ See these words more largely spoken to, chap. ii. 7. and iii. 5.

*rusalem * that ye stir not up, nor awake my
love until he please.*

O Salem's daughters, now, I pray
And charge you, stand in awe,
T' awake my love, or any way
Provoke him to withdraw.

This heav'nly quiet mar not ye
With loud offensive noise ;
Why should ye rob yourselves and me
Of such uncommon joys ?

His smiles are free, he comes and goes,
The happy hour is this :
Why should ye prove such wretched foes,
To interrupt the blifs ?

My glorious Lord now rests within
Mine arms of faith and love ;
I charge myself, my heart, my sin,
Not once to stir or move.

While he allows his visit sweet,
Let none his rest annoy :
O may I never grieve his Sp'rit,
Nor sin away my joy.

THE COMPANIONS WORDS.

Verse 5. (*Who is this that cometh up from
the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?*)

* *Why should ye stir up, or, why awake, &c.*

What fair and lovely bride is this !
 Tho' press'd with griefs and sins,
 Yet trav'ling from the wilderness,
 On her beloved leans.

How boldly does she in his name
 And in his strength go on,
 All other righteousness disclaim,
 And mention his alone !

His wings bear up her soul aloft,
 'Bove all that can molest ;
 His bosom is the pillow soft
 On which her head doth rest.

Lo ! how on his Almighty arms
 She can her cares unload !
 And march thro' all opposing harms,
 Depending on her God.

Her fir'd affections upward tow'r,
 And with a heav'nly air,
 Contempt on earthly glory pour,
 As far below her care.

Ascending from the wilderness
 Of sorrow, sin, and thral,
 And strongly bent for heav'nly bliss,
 She leaves the dusky ball.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

—*I raised* thee up under the apple tree : there*

* *Thee*, in the Hebrew has the mark of the masculine gender.

thy mother brought thee forth, there she brought thee forth that bare thee.

To men's applause with mighty maze
What small regard is due !

But, Lord, with thee, who art my praise,
Let me my suit pursue.

Such sweet experience, Lord, I had
Beneath the apple-tree ;
Under thy shadow still I'm glad
Alone to meet with thee.

I rais'd thee up in secret pray'r,
Thy joyful help to yield :
For by thy grace I wrestled there,
And by thy grace prevail'd.

Thy mother too that brought thee forth,
Hard trav'ling with annoy,
There at her Son, her Saviour's birth,
Forgot her pangs for joy.

The faints beneath thy fruitful shade
Thy beauteous likeness wore ;
They that in sorrow travail'd had,
In joy thine image bore.

Thy shadow thus to them and me
Such pleasure does afford,
That more and more I long to see
Thy glory there, O Lord.

Verse 6. *Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm :—*

Grant, Lord, my name engrav'd may be
Upon thy heart and breast ;
And so ensure thy love to me,
My glorious God and priest.

O set me stedfast as a seal
Upon thine arm divine,
And by confirming marks reveal
Thy mighty love is mine.

Grant also, Lord, my love to thee
May firmly be imprest :
And let thy name and signet be
Deep stamp'd upon my breast.

O may my heart the centre prove
Of thy affections keen ;
Thy heart the centre of my love,
And nought to intervene.

*—For love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel
as the grave :—*

Strong wings of holy love aloft
Bear up my soul afresh,
Which in sweet raptures dying soft
Forgets the clog of flesh.

While thus my heart does mounting fly
On this seraphic wing,
In love to thee, I kindly die
To ev'ry mortal thing.

As thy strong love, O Lord, to me
Could conquer death and dread ;

So does my ardent love to thee
The pow'r of death exceed.

It kills me, Lord ; I can't resist
This strong desire of mine ;
If not with satisfaction blest,
To death, to death I pine.

Admit me, Lord, into thy heart,
Lest my heart jealous be
That either thine from me depart,
Or mine depart from thee.

Such jealousy would fore torment
And torture me to death ;
Like the devouring grave, intent
To stop my vital breath.

*—The coals thereof are coals of fire, which
bath a most vehement flame.*

These jealous flames will quite consume
My soul like burning fire ;
Unless thy loving answer come
To suit my heart's desire.

My flaming heart does bleed afresh,
If thou depart i' th' least ;
Mine ardent zeal eats up my flesh,
Love-sickness pains my breast.

The sparks of fervid love ascend
Like mounting flames on high ;
With veh'ment force they heav'n-ward bend,
And pierce the azure sky.

O let thy bowels, Lord, be mov'd
 To grant my heart's desire :
 I'd rather die than not be lov'd,
 My heart is all on fire.

*Verse 7. Many waters cannot quench love,
 neither can the floods drown it : if a man
 would give all the substance of his house for
 love, it would utterly be contemned.*

No waves could quench thy love, which sat
 As king upon the flood,
 Of rolling vengeance vastly great,
 And on a sea of blood.

Thus nor can many waters drown
 My flaming love to thee.
 Nor torrents of turmoil beat down
 The zeal that burns in me.

In vain by flatt'ries or by fears
 Do hell and earth combine,
 To quench the fire of love, that bears
 A stamp so much divine.

Desertion black, nor dev'l nor man,
 Nor air, nor earth, nor sea,
 Nor life, nor death, nor angels can
 Divorce my love from thee.

Were wealth to bribe my love, I could
 The golden bait disdain,
 Like despicable dung that would
 Invade my heart in vain.

I cast contempt on suiters all
That dare compete with thee,
And value thrones no more than thrall
Should they thy rivals be.

*Verse 8. We have a little sister, and she hath
no breasts, what shall we do for our sister,
in the day when she shall be spoken for?*

Since now, dear Lord, our mutual love
Is thus so deep impress ;
May I this access sweet improve,
That others may be blest.

Our little sister, Lord, to wit,
A barren Gentile race,
With all uncall'd, unsav'd as yet,
Tho' chosen by thy grace :

She little knowledge hath, we see,
No fashion'd breasts of love ;
No principle of grace from thee,
Nor nurture from above.

No breasts of consolation sweet,
No word, no means of grace ;
No warm milk of instruction meet,
To feed her starving race.

What shall be done for her, I pray,
And for her progeny,
When they shall on the marriage-day
Be call'd to match with thee?

What for our sister-church to come,
 Which Jews or Greeks shall hatch;
 To bring her to the marriage-room,
 And carry on the match?

CHRIST'S WORDS.

*Verse 9. If she be a wall, we will build upon
 her a palace of silver : and if she be a door,
 we will enclose her with boards of cedar.*

Love, I'll inform thee what we'll do,
 With this our sister dear
 When by the gospel-call I woo,
 And speak into her ear.

If once the good work were begun,
 As by my grace it shall;
 And she by faith on me alone
 Built like a brazen wall:

We'll make the wall a work complete,
 A silver palace fair *,
 A temple for my Holy Sp'rit
 To dwell for ever there.

If once I make her heart a door
 Wide ope to take me in;
 We'll, as with cedar boards, secure
 And strengthen her within.

We Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Will frame, advance, and crown,

* Psal. cxliv. 12.

The happy building at our cost,
Which hell shall ne'er pull down.

Ev'n outcast Gentiles base, at length
The wond'ring world shall see
In num'rous issue, beauty, strength,
And grandeur, rival thee.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 10. *I am a wall, and my breasts like
towers : then was I in his eyes as one that
found favour.*

Kind Lord, how gladly do I hear,
Thy promise made to me,
For elect sister churches dear !
I roll their care on thee.

My sweet experience clears thou wilt
Thus kindly deal with them ;
For I'm a wall most firmly built
And rear'd upon thy name.

Thou mak'st my breasts of graces grow :
Like iv'ry tow'rs so high ;
I trust what love to me dost show,
To them thou won't deny.

When grace my unbelief destroy'd,
And on my rock me fix'd,
Thy favour then my soul enjoy'd,
With sweet love tokens mix'd.

Then did my life's deportment show
Thine image on my heart ;

And thou thyself with pleasure view
The grace thou didst impart.

I'm joyful when to mind I do
These happy days recal;
By grace was I built up, and so
My little sister shall.

Verse 11. Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon, he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.

Another object of my care
Beside our sister dear,
Is likewise, Lord, thy vineyard fair,
Already planted here.

Our Solomon, the Prince of peace,
A vineyard did possess,
And to a multitude did lease,
And let it out to dress.

At Baal-hamon, where he plants
Upon a fruitful soil,
And servants with commission grants
To keep it from turmoil.

He takes the care in chief, but they
An under-trust maintain;
He wakes and keeps it night and day,
Else watchmen watch in vain,

From ev'ry servant there employ'd
He still requires the rent

Of praise, for what they have enjoy'd,
And work to his content.

Each one for fruit that he assigns,
Proportion'd tribute brings,
And renders for a thousand vines
A thousand silverlings *.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 12. *My vineyard which is mine, is before me :—*

My vineyard, love, the objects is
Of my peculiar care ;

My heart and eye is fix'd on this
More close than any where.

'Tis mine by special right and grant,
By blood and conquest too ;

The state and case of ev'ry plant
Is always in my view.

My vineyard in my bosom set
Has therein such a room,

A woman sooner can forget
The infant of her womb.

Tho' nature should her frame desert,
And mothers monsters prove ;

Yet Zion dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

* Isa. vii. 23.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

—*Thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand,
and those that keep the fruit thereof two
hundred.*

True, Lord, the vineyard is thine own,
The charge is chiefly thine ;
Yet under thee, thou hast made known,
The charge is also mine *.

This vineyard of mine own, alas !
Of late I did neglect ;
But now I will the trust (thro' grace)
More carefully inspect.

My grac^{es}, talents, time, and all
That I receive from thee
To husband for thy service, shall
Be always in mine eye.

The fruits of gratitude I'll bring,
Which unto thee I owe :
The vineyards revenue, O King,
Belongs to thee I know.

To thee a thousand-fold pertains ;
And when thou gett'st thy due,
To underkeepers, for their pains,
Two hundred shall accrue.

* The preceding part of this verse though already explained and applied to Christ, yet being reckoned by some to be the church's words, are here also resumed as hers.

Tho' none that labour in thy name
Shall of thy praise partake ;
Yet what respect is due to them
I'll render for thy sake.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 13. *Thou that dwellest in the gardens,
the companions hearken to thy voice : * cause
me to hear it.*

O thou, my bride, that lov'st to haunt
The gardens of my grace,
And solemn inns where ev'ry saint
Delights to see my face.

I'm pleas'd thou careful keep for me
The orchards of my love,
Until thy nobler mansion be
The paradise above.

The saints, all thy companions dear,
To social worship bent,
Are glad thy graceful words to hear,
And to thy voice intent.

Take this occasion in thy walk
To cause me to be heard ;
Make me the subject of thy talk,
My name to be rever'd.

And while they to thy voice give ear,
Cause me to hear it too,

* Or, cause me to be heard.

By flying posts of frequent pray'r,
 Full freedom I allow,
 I'll joy how oft I hear from thee,
 Until the parting screen,
 And range of hills 'twixt thee and me
 No more shall intervene.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 14. * *Make haste, my beloved, and be
 thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the
 mountains of spices.*

Ah, Lord, communion with thee now
 Is sweet but quickly o'er :
 We must not part but with a view
 To meet again in glore.

Mean time, let still fresh news from thee
 (My soul from sloth to purge)
 Effect thy hearing oft from me,
 As thou art pleas'd to urge.

But O make haste to bring me home
 To that delicious place,
 Where fears and doubts can never come,
 Nor clouds to veil thy face.

Fly like a youthful hart or roe
 On speedy wings of love :
 I languish while I sin below,
 And long to sing above.

* Heb. Fly away.

'Tis good indeed to taste thy grace
In gardens here below :
But better far to see thy face
Above where spices flow.

These balmy heights thy glory fills
'Till the refreshing day :
But haste, my love, upon the hills ;
Love cannot bear delay.

Thy second coming must be dear,
O my belov'd to me ;
For, when thou shalt with clouds appear,
I'll then be like to thee.

Thy foes that awful day may hate,
And view with fearful grudge ;
But, free of dread, I long, I wait :
My love will be my judge.

I ardent pant with restless eyes
To see thee face to face :
No less than glory can suffice
The appetite of grace.

My months are ages of delay,
Each minute slowly wears
'Till thy swift chariot roll away
These rounds of tedious years.

No balsam can remede my fore,
'Till Jesus from on high
Shall cleave the starry plains, and o'er
The crystal mountains fly.

Roll days and years out of the way
Between my soul and thee,
O haste the consummation day ;
Amen, so let it be.

FINIS.

4 NO 69

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